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LONDON
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Marlene Dietrich—South Seas Siren

Beautiful Bijou sings around the cafés of the South Sea Islands. But no governor will have her on his island for long because her charms make men fighting mad. An American naval lieutenant (John Wayne), a tough simple sailor (Broderick Crawford), a conjurer (Mischa Auer), a drunken doctor (Albert Dekker) are some of her victims. All this femme fatale stuff is in *Seven Sinners*, Marlene Dietrich's new film, which is coming to the Odeon soon. Incidentally, she wears slacks in it for the first time on the screen. Joe Pasternak, who produced, evidently fancies Marlene as a fighter; he had her tussling like a wildcat in *Destry Rides Again*, and she has another all-in battle in *Seven Sinners*. Tay Garnett directed. Her next film is to be in charge of René Clair



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Canada Bound

AMONG those who speculated as to the probable successor to Sir Gerald Campbell as British High Commissioner in Ottawa the name of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald was never mentioned. Thus the announcement last week came as a complete surprise to most people. Yet I can think of no more suitable choice. Mr. MacDonald starts off with the great advantage of knowing Canada intimately and being devoted to the country. He is no less liked, I might even say loved, by all the many Canadians with whom he has come into contact.

One of his earliest visits to the Dominion was made some years ago on the return journey from a semi-official mission to the Far East. He paused to make holiday there and discovered the Lake of the Thousand Islands, known not only throughout the Dominion, but in the United States also, as a place in which to find relaxation from labour.

I met Mr. MacDonald in Canada on what was, I think, his next visit; this time as a member of the British Delegation to the Ottawa Imperial Conference in 1932. His job would probably be described today as that of "Public Relations Officer." It was his duty to act as a link between the British Delegation and the great host of British, Empire, and foreign Press correspondents assembled in the Canadian capital.

Although the work was arduous, Mr. MacDonald managed to find enough time to establish afresh many old friendships and, if my memory serves me, he remained on to spend one more holiday among the lakes and woods of Ontario.

His Spiritual Home

MALCOLM MACDONALD's political career has always been something of a mystery to his most intimate friends. In those days, nearly ten years ago, one might have guessed that the sole driving force which kept him in politics derived from worship of his father who wished to see the son follow in his own footsteps. At that time Malcolm MacDonald was wont to confess that if he followed his own natural bent he would retire to a little home somewhere among the Thousand Islands and devote himself to writing sentimental novels.

I do not doubt that he would have done so extremely well, for he is a born raconteur with a highly developed sense of emotion and the dramatic. But as time went on he became always more deeply caught up in the net of politics and filled each successive office to which he was appointed with undoubted distinction. When Mr. Ramsay MacDonald died, something of the deep affection in which he was held by Malcolm was transferred to Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

It may be that since Mr. Chamberlain's death some of the zest for work in Whitehall has disappeared. But I can imagine no man better qualified, both by experience and intellect, to fill the important post which he will now take up; no man who could view a new appointment with more whole-hearted enthusiasm.

A Pretty Pickle

A CURIOUS feature of our Parliamentary system is brought to light by the refusal of Mr. D. N. Pritt, the Communist K.C., to resign his Parliamentary seat although he has been requested to do so by his own Constituency Association. The Labour Party of North Hammersmith, which Mr. Pritt represents, declares flat-footedly that "he now represents neither the Party nor the views of the overwhelming majority of the people in the constituency." Mr. Pritt declines to accept that view, and so far as I know there is no constitutional means for compelling him either to retire or to seek a fresh mandate from the electors.

There is no provision in the Constitution for a Member of Parliament to resign even when he wishes to do so. Recourse is, however, had to a former law, which required a Member of Parliament on being appointed to an office of profit under the Crown to submit himself for re-election. In other words on accepting office he was automatically unseated.

When some years ago it was decided to waive this provision, a special exception was made in respect of two sinecure offices; namely the stewardships of the Chiltern Hundreds and of the Manor of Northstead. Thus the proper forms are observed.

A Member feeling obliged to resign his seat may request the Crown that he be



The Earl of Inchcape Marries

Second-Lieutenant Lord Inchcape, 12th Royal Lancers, and Mrs. Pixie Hannay, widow of Flying-Officer P. C. Hannay, A.A.F., were married at Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street last week. She is the daughter of Sir Richard Pease, Bart., and Lady Pease, of Prior House, Richmond, Yorks. She was married last year only a few months before her husband was killed in action. Lord Inchcape succeeded his father as third earl in 1939, is twenty-three

appointed to one or other of these offices. Having held the post for a few days he is expected to resign from office, thereby leaving the stewardship vacant for some other tired Member of Parliament. There is, however, no record of a Member being compelled against his will to accept such an office, and with no General Election in sight within a predictable period, North Hammersmith can do no more than elect a new prospective candidate and await the stirring of conscience in the Pritt bosom.

On this theme the question has recently been raised as to whether a Member of Parliament, censured by Parliament for improper conduct, could properly be appointed to "an office of profit under the Crown" should he desire to relinquish his seat in the House. The point is one which has recently been engaging the attention of the Law Officers.

Britain's Enlightened Strategists

LAST week's announcement that Lt.-Gen. Sir Maitland Wilson has been appointed Military Governor, as well as G.O.C.-in-C., Libya, assisted by a political branch set up at General Headquarters in Cairo, confirms a hint I gave in these notes a few weeks ago. It was not then certain that the complete conquest of Cyrenaica would be accomplished so quickly. But in anticipation of the total victory, consideration was already being given to the type of administration which should be set up in the territory.

Like General Sir Archibald Wavell himself, Sir Maitland Wilson has shown that he possesses what is evidently an outstanding characteristic of the present-day British commander in the field. He is not only a first-class military tactician but also something of a politician. Without those qualities Sir Archibald Wavell would not have been able to plan and carry out what promises to be his second outstanding success in Africa; namely the defeat of Italy in Abyssinia and the older Italian colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland.

Sir Archibald was quick to see that the difficult mountainous territories of Abyssinia could not easily be taken by frontal attack, but that a rapid success might be achieved with the collaboration of the Abyssinian people themselves. That collaboration was not difficult to obtain, for at no stage since they seized the country—be it remembered with the utmost cruelty, including the employment of gas and air bombardment against defenceless natives—have the Italians succeeded in gaining the confidence or respect of the native population. Sir Archibald Wavell has for many months been working through experienced agents to show the Abyssinians how they might help in their own rescue, both by military and political action. Last week's news began to show the remarkable success of his dual plan of campaign.

Aosta's Grim Decision

IT is perhaps early days to prophesy that the moment is at hand when the Duke of Aosta, Governor-General of Italian East Africa, will admit defeat and seek a local peace in order to avoid further bloodshed. The Duke has the reputation for being no bad soldier. And though in past years he showed himself more sympathetic to Mussolini's regime than the Prince of Piedmont, he must recognise that Italian East Africa, cut off from all means of communication with the mother country, is irretrievably doomed. He may even be influenced to some extent by the knowledge that large numbers of Italian colonists, their wives and children, are still in Central Ethiopia; although it is believed that the total has recently been greatly reduced by rapid evacuations to the coastal colonies of Eritrea and Somaliland.

As I write, Britain's latest attack, developed

in the flat plain along the shores of the Red Sea, promises to outflank the Italian mountain position at Keren and may compel that garrison to withdraw without imposing on the Imperial forces the necessity for risking any considerable casualties in taking it by storm. Indeed, one of the most striking features of the present war—and this can properly be held to apply with equal force to the German attack on the Low Countries and France—is how skilful tactics and employment of swift-moving mechanised forces can procure their results with relatively low casualties, though immense hauls of prisoners.

Bulgaria Divided

It seems probable that the next great military move will be made within a few weeks by the German army now assembling in Rumania and already filtering over unostentatiously into Bulgaria. For King Boris, as for the Bulgarian people, the outlook is one of extreme difficulty.

Unlike the Rumanian peasantry, the farming community of Bulgaria—composed of land owners both great and small—will not readily yield to Nazification. On the other hand, many of the Bulgarian generals are known to be profoundly impressed by the prowess of the German military machine, and it is said that they have no intention of attempting to oppose German forces entering into their country.

In past weeks much has been heard of Turkey's determination to march rapidly to the support of Bulgaria were that country attempting to resist German invasion. Now there is some reason to think that the Bulgarian General Staff, so far from welcoming Turkish divisions to their support, might treat them as the principal invaders, oppose them with Bulgarian forces, and call on the German army to come to their aid.

In that case the General Staff calculates that Bulgaria will be saved from becoming a battlefield for a new and perhaps decisive struggle between German and Turko-Allied forces. And, incidentally, may regain some former lost territories.

Pressure on Greece

It would be idle to pretend that the outlook for Greece, already heavily engaged away to the west in Albania, is encouraging, although so far little anxiety has been evidenced in Athens. For Greece, in her fight against the Italians, the main problem hitherto has been one of supplies.

British convoys have been defying Italo-German attempts to prevent their passage through the narrow waters of the Sicilian Channel in order to carry much needed replenishments of equipment and ammunition to the Greeks. We may imagine also that the immense volume of munitions and equipment captured from the Italians in Cyrenaica has provided a heaven-sent reservoir on which the Greeks can draw.

But should a highly efficient German force of 250,000 men drive down on Greece from the north, a new situation will develop; one in which Greece will herself need support not only in munitions but also in man-power.

Vichy Kaleidoscope

EVENTS at Vichy move with such bewildering rapidity that it is difficult to foresee what fresh turn may have been given to the kaleidoscope a few days hence. But from the ever-moving picture one new and perhaps temporarily stable development seems to emerge. While Marshal Petain retains his position and some measure of his authority as head of the State, the future of France has been largely entrusted to Admiral Darlan.

Correspondents who have been in Vichy

continuously since the collapse of France assert that the admiral will work for collaboration with Germany. If that be true, as it may well be, there can be no cause for satisfaction either here or in France. Admiral Darlan is a strange character. He has no great love for Germany, but a deep love for the French Fleet. In consequence he cherishes a profound resentment against the British Navy. This results only in part from the operations which we felt compelled to undertake at Oran and elsewhere; in part it is of longer standing, reflecting a certain want of understanding on the British side during the first nine months of war.

Jealousy of the Fleet

It is popularly believed that the British bombardment of Oran and other French ports was undertaken despite a categorical assurance from Admiral Darlan that never, while he was in command, would the French Fleet be employed against Britain or allowed to fall into German hands. It was, indeed, stated that should the necessity arise the French Navy would steam out to join the British, as was suggested in the communications addressed to the French commanders before resort was had to bombardment.

But that, I believe, is not quite all of the story. In the last hours at Bordeaux, Admiral Darlan sent a signal to his ships giving them their instructions, and warning them that this would be his last message. They must disregard all others, which might be inspired by the enemy. Yet in some way not satisfactorily explained, that order was subsequently cancelled by Admiral Darlan himself—one fact, taken with others, which led the British Government to the conclusion that no risks could be afforded.

Diplomatic Step-ups

NOT to be outdone by Britain's reinforcement of the Embassy in Washington, the United States is despatching at least two Aides to

support Mr. John G. Winant, newly appointed American Ambassador to London. In a recent issue I stated my belief that Mr. W. A. Harriman was coming to London specially charged to deal with matters of war production. That announcement has not yet been made, although it was spoken of as settled in the best informed circles a fortnight ago.

The two newcomers are Mr. Ben Cohen, a forty-seven-year-old legal draftsman who has worked in close collaboration with Mr. Harry Hopkins on recent legislation; and Mr. Robert Murphy, now Counsellor to the American Embassy in Vichy. Mr. Murphy and Mr. Cohen are the same age. The latter has earned a reputation for being the right man to send to any active post. Promotion of Mr. Herschell Johnston from Counsellor to Minister in the Embassy matches British action in Washington in the case of Mr. Neville Butler and will be warmly approved here.

U.S. Comings and Goings

NOT far behind Mr. Wendell Willkie, Mr. Harry Hopkins has returned to the United States, and by now has presented an exhaustive report to the President on all he learned and experienced in Britain.

The procession of distinguished and most welcome American visitors proceeds without interruption. At any moment now we may welcome back Colonel "Bill" Donovan, special envoy of the American Service departments. Hotfoot from a most useful and doubtless informative tour of the Balkans and Near East, Colonel Donovan will be worth talking to when he gets back to London—for those to whom he is prepared to open his treasury of information. Like Mr. Wendell Willkie he, too, may receive an invitation to visit Eire. Should he find it possible to accept, it will, I think, be in the capacity of a private week-end guest, and not as part of his official tour.



The New Colonial Secretary

Lord Moyne took up his duties at the Colonial Office immediately after his appointment as Secretary of State for the Colonies, in succession to Lord Lloyd who died on February 5. He also takes the place of the latter as Leader of the House of Lords, and made his first statement in this capacity, replying to a criticism by Lord Addison, Socialist leader in the House of Lords, on the Government's man-power policy. As Mr. Walter Guinness he was Minister of Agriculture from 1925-1929, and in the all-party Government formed last year he accepted office as Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture. He served in Gallipoli, Egypt and France, 1914-18, and was awarded the D.S.O. and bar

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Daymare

SOMETIMES I tease Sunday morning's lady-wags, but almost always I admire and envy them. What, for example, could be better than Miss Lejeune's epitome of *Public Deb. No. 1*? Let me repeat this for the benefit of any reader who may have overlooked it: "*Public Deb. No. 1* (Dominion).—Startling revelation of what the Russian attack on Finland did to the ideology of an American soup-heiress. Mother-confessor Elsa Maxwell, who knows the young heart so well, pops in and out of the plot, combining stern common sense with a flair for parties."

A fortnight ago I regaled readers of this page with an account of a nightmare I had about seeing *Escape* and *Freedom Radio* rolled into one anti-Nazi film. I am in the throes, as I write, of a daymare in which *Public Deb. No. 1*, which I have already dismissed, is inextricably involved with the almost indistinguishable *Dulcy*, the new film at the Empire. Moron would be a polite word for Brenda Joyce's young woman in the former, and cretin were too kind a term by half for Ann Sothern's pinheaded nitwit in the latter. There is not, in fact, a pinhead to choose between these two feminine asses.

I can only keep the two films from interfusing quite hopelessly in my mind by looking at the synopses which I have luckily preserved, and

noting that the plot of the former film is quite sufficiently indicated by the newspaper headings which regularly interrupt its course. Here are some of which I made a note: "Soup Queen in Hot Water. . . . Waiter Jailed for Spanking Soup Siren. . . . Slap Artist Hits It Off with Soup Queen." These, together with C. A. L.'s forty-five irony-laden words quoted above, should sufficiently indicate the trend and the many-fathoms-deep banality of Miss Maxwell's film.

THE *Dulcy* one is also about an heiress with millions to burn and imbecile notions about the best way in which to burn them. When I read in the synopsis that *Dulcy*, "the harum-scarum daughter of a wealthy family, is noted for her heart of gold and her penchant for attempting to straighten out the affairs of others," I said to myself: "A-ha! So they've had the temerity to film Jane Austen's *Emma* and, recalling the basinful given them by the more literate of us on the occasion of *Pride and Prejudice*, are trying to pass over Miss Woodhouse under the name of *Dulcy*, and to leave Miss Austen's name out of their offensive argument!"

But nothing could be farther from the truth. *Dulcy*, it turns out, is not another mis-adaptation of Jane, and is as remote from the wit and

urbanity of *Emma* as it is from sanity or real life. Its plot is one long sustained drool of imbecility. It contains two isolated seconds in which one has to laugh or lose one's reason. One occurs when an escaped lunatic picks an apple out of a bowl, bites it, and says with great appreciation: "Wax!" In the other instant a dramatist, typing a play in a canoe in the middle of a lake, is overturned and apparently drowned by the heroine, one of whose many manias is motor-launching at violent speed and to the jeopardy of everybody.

For the rest I have nothing with *Dulcy*. It is strictly non-adult, and I know no children whom I dislike enough to send to it.

THE film called *Arise, My Love* is, on the other hand, quite astonishingly adult. It should be at the Carlton by the time this page is read. And even by the time this page is printed, I doubt if I shall have wholly made up my mind about *Arise, My Love*. It is like a dozen previous films, and yet it is like none of them. There was *It Happened One Night* a long time ago, and it seems to have happened one night per week ever since.

But over and above the intolerably-delayed-embrace business—it is Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland once more—there is a culminating sequence straight out of recent history. This is, of course, overwhelming in the *Foreign Correspondent* way. It goes farther. We hear, or are convinced that we actually hear, the march of the German troops into Paris.

And as if that were not enough, we escape with our American lovers on a steamer, and note—with a jar which it is a masterstroke of good film-making to create—that the name inscribed on their cocktail glasses on their first night at sea is S.S. "Athenia."

And then just when we are thinking that that must be the climax at last, and that the final view we shall have of Claudette and Ray will show the long-deferred embrace which it has required two wars and a torpedo to bring about—why then they land separately in Ireland, and Claudette rushes off to take over her true vocation as a news-reporter and Ray loses no time in joining the nearest Air Force and flying for democracy!

It is an extraordinary film. You will love it if you like delayed ardours as much as everybody else seems to. You will tingle at it if you want current history raw and strong. But if, in any way like me, you think that these two things just do not combine, and that you cannot have an idyllic love scene in the Forest of Compiègne when Herr Hitler's private railway coach is due to arrive at the same spot in the morning—why then *Arise, My Love* is not your pigeon any more than it is mine! I would not see it again for anything, and I would not have missed it for anything in the world.

I should add that this fascinating and infuriating film is not unwitty if you think: "This young man is waiting for the feature—I'm just the news-reel!" not unwitty. It is addressed to a waiter by Claudette, pretending to be coy, and about Ray, pretending he doesn't want her to stay with him.



"No, No, Nanette" Has Been Screened in Hollywood

Anna Neagle has got her second Hollywood musical comedy star part in "*No, No, Nanette*" (the first was "*Irene*"). She has Richard Carlson (with her here) as her leading man. Comedy support comes from Zasu Pitts and Roland Young. Another player, third corner of the romance triangle, is Victor Mature, who looks a little like Fred Astaire. The film has been based on the famous Broadway and London success of the twenties which made "*Tea for Two*" the most popular tune of its year (1925) in Britain. Binnie Hale starred in the original Palace production. Now the screen version is at the New Gallery

Three New Films

Comedy, Drama
and Spectacle



Laughing Romance—"Arise, My Love"

Ray Milland as an adventure-seeking pilot and Claudette Colbert as an ambitious young newspaper woman work out their funny, eventful love story across a war-crumpled map of Europe. Spain, Berlin, Warsaw, Paris, Finland, Norway, see them, together or separately, chasing news, jobs, and each other. Mitchell Leisen directed "Arise, My Love," making brilliant use of the background of current affairs. "Current affairs" had a direct effect on part of the production, since some of the stills were lost in the Atlantic. At the Carlton: reviewed on opposite page



Truck-driving Thriller—"The Road to Frisco"

Ann Sheridan is a waitress and George Raft is a truck driver in a quick-moving drama of the road where crashes, crookery and killing crowd the screen. Villain is Hollywood's most menacing "menace," Humphrey Bogart (he gets burned to death) with a villainous to match in Ida Lupino (she commits murder and is declared insane at her trial). "The Road to Frisco," strong meat for melodramatic palates, was directed by Raoul Walsh. At the Warner



Western on the Grand Scale—"Arizona"

In "lawless Tucson" in 1860, "Phoebe's dream is to own the biggest ranch in Arizona." Unscrupulous rivals, the depredations of Apache raiders and the turmoil of the Civil War are a few of the obstacles in her way, but in the end she is lucky both in love and in business. Jean Arthur plays the ambitious young Amazon of a cow-girl; William Holden (with a beard) is her lover and—at least once—her rescuer; Warren William (above) makes a colourfully sinister cattle-bandit. Hundreds of galloping horses, vast herds of cattle, two thousand five hundred players, the tremendous mountains and plains of Arizona, and Wesley Ruggles's direction give this film its spectacular quality. At the Regal



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

The Nightlight Club (Little Newport Street)

IF you are asked some evening by some friend whether you would care to come along to the Nightlight, and if, in return, you ask that friend what the Nightlight may be, you will probably be told that the Nightlight is the new cabaret run by Mrs. Dean, who started the Torch Club; and if, being very ignorant, you ask what the Torch Club was, you will be told that the Torch Club was the club that originally produced *Jeannie*, which was the play that gave us Barbara Mullen, whom (if you are fortunate) you may now hear at the Nightlight singing the songs she learned at her mother's knee when she was a little girl on the Aran Islands.

In this respect, although I have paid three visits to the Nightlight, I have not yet been fortunate myself. You never know what you will or won't get at the Nightlight, which is just one small subterranean room with a bar, a piano and a platform. People who go there

not expecting to perform, perform, and, maybe, *vice versa*. Although I suppose Mrs. Dean makes sure every day that there shall be enough songs and sketches, as well as eats and drinks, to go round, turns have a pleasant air of cropping up spontaneously—an air that is very welcome except when (a) the turns are not as good as they might be, or (b) someone, having got well established at the piano, holds the fort against all comers for longer than you, personally, would desire.

IN addition to this spontaneity, a refreshing thing about the cabaret show at the Nightlight is that it aims (most of the time) at intelligence rather than dirt, and so looks like creating an atmosphere quite its own. If I were Mrs. Dean, I think I would rigorously rule out *all* dirt and would specialise, rather, in the best sentiment.

Immeasurably the best performer she has is, in my opinion, Mr. Selkovski, who plays and

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



"Diversion in Berkeley Square": Robert Langford, Joan Ireland, Grace Newcombe and Barbara Lott



June Langley sings Jewish songs

sings Russian and French songs at the piano, whose voice probably wouldn't carry on a stage, who would almost certainly be a complete flop in a smart restaurant, but who is ideal among friends, touching deep chords lightly.

He will sing if asked, but wouldn't dream of it otherwise, regarding himself as an amateur. So if you go, find out whether he is there, and if he is there, ask him.

WHEN he has finished, perhaps Miss Carole Lynne, happening to be present, will be good-humoured enough to sing a song whether she has a cold or not and whether the accompanist knows the accompaniment or not—they try it over first—there you have the measure of the Nightlight atmosphere. Or Miss Marcella Salzer, who has a real genius for cabaret and realises that it is a distinct and separate art, will give a monologue or exhibit her remarkable skill in *Just a Teeny Weeny Martini*, or one of the other clever numbers in her subtle repertoire.

Some items are, of course, more obviously prepared, yet even these may have a reassuring air of having been prepared at short notice, as one gets up a charade at a party. Thus, Mr. Charles Landstone dodges up an amiable and unpretentious skit on "Berkeley Square," to be repeated for a few nights before it is replaced by something else. Probably the most popular feature of the evening is Mr. Ord Hamilton in his own compositions, than which what could be more expert? But here we are on more familiar ground and might be back in the night clubs from which the Nightlight seeks to mark a departure.

TO achieve quality, spontaneity and variety all at once in an entertainment of this nature is more than could reasonably be expected. But it seems to me that Mrs. Dean is on the right lines and that an evening at the Nightlight may, if carefully developed, provide a pleasant alternative to a night at the Players. Both places are alive, both un-snobbish, and both do give you something to do in the evenings. And how useful they are to dramatic critics when the theatres flag!

Leslie Howard at Home

The Famous Film Star With
His Family in Surrey

Photographs by Pictorial Press



Leslie Howard, arm-in-arm with his son and daughter, goes out in the snow at Stowe Maries, his house at Dorking



Leslie Howard watches his daughter, Leslie, painting in her studio. She shows great promise, and gets honest criticism and much help from her father in her artistic ambitions. She is shortly starting work at an academy of art

Stowe Maries is the name of Leslie Howard's Tudor house at Dorking, where at week-ends he forgathers with his family, and is joined by his sailor son, Ronald, when leave permits. His daughter, also called Leslie, is sixteen, very attractive, and art is her ambition. She is an imaginative and colourful artist, hopes to make painting her career, and will soon be studying seriously at a school of art. Leslie Howard also has a house at Farnham Common, near the Denham Studios, where his new picture, *Pimpernel Smith*, a modern *Scarlet Pimpernel*, is in the making. Not only is he the star of this film, but also writer, director and producer

A clarinet duet is played by Leslie Howard and his son. Both are very musical, Leslie playing the piano well, but Ronald excels on the clarinet and quite outshines his father



This nice family group shows Leslie Howard with his daughter, Leslie, and his son, Ronald, in the uniform of a Sub-Lieut. in the Royal Navy. Ronald is only nineteen, but looks a good deal older. He smokes a pipe with as much relish as his father, who is seldom seen without one, and there is a strong resemblance between father and son

Right away from his work, Leslie Howard enjoys the relaxation of a game of chess with his son. Both puff at their pipes while the next move is under serious consideration



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Hats in the Air

MRS. RONALD CROSS's hat show at the Ritz in aid of the Merchant Navy Comforts Fund was a great success, and some red-hot numbers were displayed by ravishing models, all well-schooled in the true professional expression of hostility, like lovely, glacial lay figures.

Lady Marguerite Strickland balanced some precarious fantasies almost on the end of her nose, like a seal doing tricks, and Miss Miki Hood was almost made to squint by one wildly frivolous fringe of pink feathers, giving the effect of one of those odd little dogs with hair in their eyes beloved of old ladies. Indeed, they were extremely gay and invigorating hats, guaranteed to give most girls wistful dreams for quite a time.

Mrs. Cross was hatless herself, neat, active, and attractive in black and pearls. Lady Stanley of Alderley was there, with Mrs. Charles Birkin, and two other charming women who were together were Lady Courtney and Mrs. Scanlon. Miss Theodora Benson turned up late in ocelot from head to foot.

Polish Naval Anniversary

THE Polish Navy, now fighting valiantly side by side with the British Navy, is celebrating this month a great Polish historical anniversary, known popularly as "Poland's wedding to the Baltic Sea." Twenty-three years ago General Joseph

Haller, who headed the Polish Army in France during the Great War, and later returned to Poland, performed a symbolic ceremony on the shores of the Baltic, near a fishing village called Hallerowo and Wladyslawowo. He threw a golden ring into the shimmering sea-water, and declared this symbolic wedding of the Polish Republic with the sea to be consummated. He is now Minister of National Education in General Sikorski's Cabinet.

In connection with this picturesque incident, lots of ceremonies have been staged aboard the Polish naval units now serving under joint British and Polish command.

The Polish Navy, which, after many, sometimes very dramatic escapes from Gdynia, reached the safety of British ports, consisted of several torpedo-boats, mine-layers, trawlers, submarines, and auxiliary craft and training-ships. It has since been enlarged by the inclusion of some new units of heavier calibre.

New Submarine

THE latest addition is the submarine Sokol (which means "The Falcon"), which was recently handed over in the north, with some ceremony. Sir Charles and Lady Craven were there, and Polish naval authorities were headed by Vice-Admiral J. Swirski, an old and experienced sailor and naval commander.

Polish destroyers have been active in naval engagements in the Channel, and were particularly conspicuous during the retreat from Dunkirk. The story of the dramatic escape of the Polish submarine Orzel ("The Eagle") is well known.

Reception

THERE was a very nice reception at the Egyptian Embassy, which has an enormous bomb-hole outside it. There were tea

and cakes, and champagne and little squares of toast with interesting things on them. Ambassadors and their wives, M.P.s and theirs, and some attractive others were there to enjoy them. Sir Harry Brittain was in London for the day, fitting this in with an Empire Press Union luncheon, and returning to his home in Hampshire in the evening.

Lady Dalrymple Champneys had a white ermine hat to set off her red hair; Mrs. Donough O'Brien a white flower one to display hers. Miss Patricia Priest represented attractive youth, and was with her mother. Mrs. Phillipson was in mink, talking to Mr. Arthur Evans; Mme. Jasper, the small and very pretty wife of the Belgian Ambassador, was also in mink.

Lord and Lady Winterton were there, also Captain Leonard Plugge, who is back in part of his big Hamilton Terrace house, which had such a nasty bomb in the garden. Lady Lucas wore an attractive large green hat.

Lovely big high rooms, wide staircase, large mirrors, and copious spring flowers.

In Uniform

MRS. TALBOT MUIRHEAD manages to look very smart and attractive in her M.T.C. uniform. She is working in London at the moment, with Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, about petroleum, and was at a good party given by Mrs. McIntyre, who owns Dirck Hartog island, off Australia.

Miss Patience Brand looks nice in uniform too: hers is the less exacting one of the W.V.S., just a nice green coat, and the little round hat riding up on all that wonderful red hair.

Mrs. William Collins, wife of the publisher, and formerly Nan Montagu, was in London last week for two days and a night, all the way from Scotland. At the beginning of the war she joined the W.V.S. up there, but didn't find the work quite hard enough, as all she was asked to do was to make cups of tea for older members.

Ballet

I SUPPOSE it is a bit late in the day to talk about *The Wanderer*, every paper having seethed with it long ago, and Mr. Agate having even started a correspondence column on the subject. I thought it was simply wonderful, anyway, with Miss Margot Fonteyn more exquisite and brilliant than



Service Theatricals

Volunteer N. Eden, A.T.S., and Private M. Prichard were two of the all-Services cast of "The Man Who Stayed at Home" when it was revived at Northampton the other day. In private life she is the Hon. Nancy Eden, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Henley, of Watford Court, Rugby. Mr. Prichard was on the repertory stage before the war



Service Supper-Parties for Two at a London Restaurant

Miss Heather Elliott and Sir Rupert Clarke made up one party for two. He is a Second Lieutenant in the Irish Guards, succeeded his father as third baronet in 1926, owns property in Hampshire and Australia



Miss Guinevere Brodrick and Mr. Tom Egerton had another table for two. He is in the Coldstream Guards, and is the son of the late Captain L. E. W. Egerton, killed in action in 1917, and Mrs. Roland Wilberforce



Christening: Perdita Caroline Buchan

Perdita Caroline Buchan is the daughter of Pilot-Officer the Hon. William and Mrs. Buchan, and niece of Lord Tweedsmuir; she was born in December and christened recently from Elsfeld Manor, where her grandfather lived before he went to Canada as Governor-General. Her father is in the R.A.F.V.R.; her mother was Nesta Crozier, and was married in 1939. The baby's godparents were two writers, Miss Anna Buchan (O. Douglas) and Mrs. Alan Cameron (Elizabeth Bowen), and Pilot-Officer William Freund, R.A.F.V.R., the only Czech officer in the British Air Force

period from himself, to observe that Miss Joanna Horder is as pretty and round-eyed "off" as "on," to listen to Mr. Bernard Miles learning something in a brisk, cabalistic mutter, and to be brushed by the genuine shantung of Miss Edith Evans's Fish for Luncheon English summer dress. Not to forget Miss Irene Eisinger being a rather surprising self in the sort of blue trousers and faintly fancy jersey that suggest a punt and a gramophone.

Inauguration

"INAUGURATION" suggests some sort of ceremony: mayors cutting tapes with silver scissors, freemasons planting trees with silver trowels, or actresses knocking on doors with silver hammers. But I suppose it is all right to apply it to the morning consumption of drinks and ballet, to launch the new Ballet Group organised by Miss Pauline Grant. This is to function as yet another substitute for lunch, and is at the Little Theatre.

Mr. Edwin Evans was having a glass of sherry and a look; so were, amongst others, Mr. C. W. R. Nevinson, Miss Vida Hope, and the Misses Helen Gosse and Virginia Winter.

The plat du jour of the programme was the Wedgwood suite, which ends up with a lovely grouping of the white figures against blue. There were some pleasant divertissements before, including a popular "Harmony in Grey and Green" (after Whistler), to Mozart music, performed by Miss Rose Woodland. Mr. Llewellyn David and Miss Beryl Morina are both rather tall for ballet dancers, but manage nevertheless, and Miss Pauline Grant, besides doing the choreography and costumes, dances charmingly herself.

Prince Mussel

A WINSOME memory is recalled by an Australian newspaper writing-up Mr.

Noel Coward, and digging back to the days when, as a child of twelve, he appeared as Prince Mussel in *The Goldfish*. Let us hope that the promising infant was not too much hidden by his shell.

Apparently he has been having a terrific reception over there, never greeted by less than Admirals and Governors' representatives, and getting a whale of a press, with such headings as "Simplicity and Genius Mixed"—which is surely a modest minimum anyone would like to achieve.

Other Times

ALSO from Australia come reprints of photographs taken on Melbourne Cup days in 1908, 1909, 1911 and 1918. What very decorous fashions they all were, with every lady quite evidently someone's wife, mother, or sister, expense, evidently, no object in the suppression of sex-appeal with bales and bales of material blotting out every natural line. The Good Old Days indeed, when there were some fine women and horses about.

Shop Windows

NOW that these mostly consist of a small aperture entirely surrounded by decor, they suggest scope for the arty crafty boys, and ought to be reviewed weekly by specially appointed critics. A whole new art might almost be evolved, with special terms to relate what is in a window with what is on it, and the grouping of lay figures in clothes shops behind scenery instead of in front of it is the opportunity for new young geniuses to spring to the fore.

How about a surrealist seashore, encrusted with shells, unicorns' horns, and tufts of seaweed fronting a display of beach clothes for sale, and real antlers, foxes' masks, and stuffed salmon to prepare pavement shoppers for the round felt hats and shooting-sticks within?

ever, and all the opposing teams of footballers, grouses, cardinal sins, youthful aspirations, corresponding disillusionments, and so on, most beautifully whipped up together, and in such lovely colours, too.

Mr. Robert Helpmann, as the cause of it all—since all the goings-on represent, we understand, a turn-out of his, the emotional Wanderer's, brain—holds the strings with his usual excellence, while Miss Fonteyn, as the bird-of-paradise representative of all excitement, keeps the thing going with the colour and beauty of a sunset suddenly given speed. There is not a pause or a sag or a gap, and it seemed more like a wonder of nature than anything laboriously thought up, fixed together, and executed by people, however brilliant.

The ballet is off on tour again next week. The story may be old, but it is new to me, of their visit to an R.A.F. station on their last tour, where they were billed as "Miss Constance Lambert and twenty-three other famous dancers."

Back-Stage

PEOPLE with a longing to be at really close quarters with godlike artistes scurrying to and from their occupations on the stage must have designed these premises, invariably of a grey, stony narrowness that guarantees perpetual jostling and squeezing past by everyone. Very fascinating, too, to glimpse within a few inches the face of ingenuous wonder with which Miss Dorothy Dickson is about to confront her audience, to hear Mr. Walter Crisham's ordinary voice emerge from beneath the straw hat and above the bow-tie, in which he is about to portray a young gentleman of a different



Johnson, Oxford

At Oxford: Lord Lothian Entertains His Mother and Brother

The twelfth Marquess of Lothian, who is nineteen this year, is an undergraduate at Christ Church, Oxford. His mother, Mrs. Andrew Kerr, and his young brother, John, were his guests in his rooms in Canterbury Quad. Their home is Melbourne Hall, Derby. It was announced last week that the late Lord Lothian had bequeathed his Norfolk place, Blickling Hall, most of the contents of the noble seventeenth-century house, and the 6000-acre estate to the National Trust



TWO STAGE ALLIANCES

Richard Hearne Is Engaged to a Show Girl

Richard Hearne met his fiancée, Yvonne Ortner, in "Shepherd's Pie," in which she was a show girl. George, stage-door keeper at Prince's Theatre, congratulated them when they arrived for rehearsal. They go on tour this week. Hearne, son of an acrobat and no mean performer in that line himself, has been on the stage since he was carried on, aged six weeks. His old-man comedian parts in the last few Henson shows at the Gaiety made him a big success



Ena Burrill Marries a Sailor

THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
FEBRUARY 19, 1941

Actress Ena Burrill was married last week at Kingston-on-Thames to Lieutenant Commander M. A. G. Child, R.N. She has been acting for the last year with the Liverpool Repertory Company, to which she belonged from 1932 to 1935. From then until the beginning of the year she played leading roles in the West End, was in the Novello show, "Crest of the Wave," at Drury Lane



Music in the Army

People in the News

Sir Adrian Boult was guest conductor at a concert given recently by the Southern Command Symphony Orchestra, whose own conductor, handing the baton to Sir Adrian on the left, is J. A. F. Allen, A.R.C.M. In this orchestra, probably the best soldiers' orchestra in existence, about half the members are well known in the peacetime musical world, the leader, for example, Bandsman Bossert, having formerly led the Bournemouth Orchestra. There are two women members, a V.A.D. violinist and a W.A.A.F. cellist



An Actress with the Navy

Evelyn Laye made rope-splicing her occupation when the photographer came along during her visit to a naval port. She is ENSA's "hostess" to the Navy. During the pantomime season she was at Glasgow, as principal boy in "The Sleeping Beauty"

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt spoke to her fellow-countrymen, and still more her fellow-countrywomen, about that amazingly generous American organisation called "Bundles for Britain." Beside her sat the "Bundles" president, Mrs. Wales Latham, a prominent New Yorker. Shots of the various stages of "bundling"—the making, packing, dispatch, reception and London distribution of innumerable necessities and luxuries, from suits to dolls—were on many newsreels shown in this country last week

THE VOICE OF AMERICA

"Union Now" was the motto of a huge dinner at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, at which Clare Boothe (left) and Dorothy Thompson spoke, and of which Dr. William J. Schieffelin was chairman. The 2000 men and women who attended heard speeches urging the immediate federal union of the United States with the United Kingdom, France, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa. Below, Miss Boothe had just presented the first "Union Now" emblem to the chairman





HATS FOR CHARITY

Four of the Mannequins at Mrs. Cross's Hat Show

Miss Miki Hood, Lady Marguerite Strickland, Miss Rosemary Chance and Miss Jacqueline Craven were four of the beauties who wore the hats at the two-day show organised by Mrs. Ronald Cross in aid of the Merchant Navy Comforts Fund. Half the price of every hat sold went to the Fund, and undecided purchasers could buy vouchers and pick the hat later. Lady Marguerite Strickland's new stepmother, the Countess of Darnley, was also a mannequin



Mrs. Ronald Cross and Queen Geraldine

ROYAL SERVICE

During her second tour in a fortnight around the W.V.S. activities in Buckinghamshire, the Duchess of Kent saw the two mobile canteens presented to the South Bucks. W.V.S. for A.R.P. service by Horlicks, Ltd. Below, the Duchess, in gumboots, stands beside one of them with Colonel J. N. Horlick, chairman of the firm. This second canteen is a new type, with counter space for four queues, two sinks, two gas-stoves, thermostatic urns, plenty of space for preparation of food and drink, and seven feet of head-room

The Duchess of Kent Inspects Canteens



The Princess Royal Becomes a Blood Donor

Blood Donor No 7743, Group A, is the Princess Royal's official designation at the Leeds Transfusion Centre, where she gave a pint of her blood recently. Here Dr. Stanbury, head of the Regional Blood Transfusion Service, shows H.R.H. her gift. Three weeks ago the Princess Royal launched a Yorkshire campaign for 100,000 donors by a broadcast. The campaign is part of a country-wide appeal for blood to replace the large amount used in post-air-raid transfusions



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ALDERSHOT, that mighty city, is fallen, is fallen—we forget the Apocalyptic Greek for it—at least from her proud estate as Military Capital of Great Britain, and is now just one Army power-station among many, unless we err miserably.

The grim charms of the English Potsdam didn't appeal so much to us in the spring of 1915 as they do now, gilded with memories of hard work and petty tyrannies and good fun. Yet the long straight roads, the hard straight vistas of the Lines and squares, the dust, the gravel, the rows and rows of Army trees, all dressed by the right and standing stiffly to attention, the huge bleak blocks of barracks are as much haunted by the spirit of generations of lusty youth as Oxford, once you look at the place objectively and get used to that disinfectant smell.

Aldershot is a museum-piece, a perfect relic of the Victorian Age, and Stanhope Lines in 1915 were hardly changed since the Umptieth Foot occupied them in 1875. We gather the modern Army demands (and gets) more comfort.

THE whole Aldershot area is undoubtedly a bit fey. Kipling had an eerie experience round Frensham Ponds during the manoeuvres of 1913, when he suddenly went psychic, like those two maiden ladies at Versailles, and saw the regiments of the Boer War, and heard old voices and the old songs, in an atmosphere quivering with electricity. (He never wrote the story, he

says in his memoirs, because it might have upset his public.)

We used now and again to feel the same thing on Laffan's Plain, and particularly at a place called, very beautifully, Scroggs' Bottom, the air of which was blue with the oaths of vanished redcoats training for long-forgotten wars. Fortunately the most susceptible warrior is far too healthily exhausted after the day's work at Aldershot to care if the ghost of Sir Garnet Wolseley himself came and nuzzled at his ear.

Rap

GENERAL SMUTS'S denunciation of the methods of the notorious Ossewabrandwag (Ox-Wagon Sentinel) nationalist caucus in South Africa as "coming straight from Germany" might have included another rap for those turbulent bearded boys, with whom the Union troops in Johannesburg were so justly irritated recently.

These humourless beavers are notably weak on their nursery-lore, one perceives. Last Christmas, according to a *Times* correspondent, they abolished Santa Claus as being a pro-Smutts character and, above all, "a British invention to trap innocent Afrikaner youth." The fact being that Santa Claus as such is 100 per cent pure Dutch, a *verdomder Hollander* of the old stock, taken over from the Calvinists of New Amsterdam and introduced into the British nursery about the time of William and Mary, so far as we can discover, in his present whiskery incarnation.

The Ossewabrandwag boys have no high opinion of the other Dutch, esteeming them po' white trash, but even so one feels they should be marked betaminus for Child Welfare right away, including Professor Kritzinger of the University of Pretoria, who wants to replace Sankt Klaus by an elfin character called Old Father Pioneer (Oupa, Voortrekker). Professor Kritzinger will remain behind and speak to us for a few minutes, the rest may go.

Ordeal

OPINIONS may differ concerning the wisdom of King Leopold's decision," says M. Emile Cammaerts, the eminent Belgian



"You misunderstood me, Admiral: I said I wanted it invincible, not invisible"

man of letters, in a newly-published pamphlet—"neither a plea nor an apology"—called *The Situation of Belgium*. "Concerning his intentions, none of the suspicions stirred against him rests on serious foundations." M. Cammaerts adds that when the full evidence can be published, it will be shown that, contrary to common belief, warning was repeatedly given to the Allies of the impending surrender of the Belgian Army.

This will be just too bad for those excitable boys—including, believe it or not, at least two poets—who recently tried, condemned, and executed King Leopold in exactly five minutes, after which they washed their hands and were ready for play.

HAVING perforce and willy-nilly to be on the same side as vivacious chaps like these often proves somewhat painful for other chaps, as in World War I., when having to be on the same side as Mr. Horatio Bottomley, Tribune of the People, was a living nightmare to many.

Poor Dean Inge, who found himself a little time ago on the same platform with a lot of chaps he cordially hates, must have suffered similar agony, and the other night we woke up in a cold sweat, having realised in a dream that we were on the same side in this war as the M.C.C. Say la vee, as the resigned little actress said to the laughing stockbroker.

Personal

HAVING shyly drawn attention the other day to the Barrie influence in our life and prose, due to having lived for two or three years near the little friend of the fairies in the Adelphi, we are asked by a fretful reader to explain that sterner, more plangent Imperial note you sometimes get in this page. Well, it so happens that we've also lived for a space in Kipling's old chambers overlooking the river in Villiers Street, Charing Cross: the rooms of *The Light that Failed*, from which the Slogger could look in the 1890's directly into Gatti's Music Hall opposite (4d. admission, including a pint of beer).

A nice lusty fullblooded street it was even in 1920, the arguments of perfect ladies blending musically every night with the rumble of trains, the hoots of tugs, the whine of taxis, the distant roar of the Strand,



"Say when, Bert"

Western Waters

The Royal Navy
Takes Time Off



Miss Patricia Delahanty, of New York City, Sub-Lieut. Kenneth Crawley, R.N., who belongs to the cricketing clan, Miss Dorothy Thompson, and Lieut. Christopher Veale, R.N., enjoyed a party on board



Lieut.-Com. G. W. Norman (right), whose brother, Brigadier Norman, used to command the 9th Lancers, and Eng.-Com. Boosey, R.N.R., sally forth for a bathe together



Commodore Cyril Douglas-Pennant, father of actress Sheila Douglas-Pennant, when on land lives in Northants. He entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie-Spence, refugees from the French Riviera



Sub-Lieut. Michael Pawsey, who comes from Capetown, was another delightful N.O. who entertained on board a certain ship in a certain harbour at a certain time



Mrs. Cora Munson, of New York, took Mrs. Marling out in her motor-launch to get a better view of one of H.M.'s ships when it visited a certain island. Mrs. Munson and her late husband were leaders of the American yachting community at Newport, Rhode Island



Lieut.-Com. K. J. Riddell, R.N., Major Hale, Royal Marines, Mrs. Carman Mesmore, formerly Leonora Highett, English-born wife of the U.S. head of Knodler's, and Commander Cyril Appleton made up a beach and bathing party

Standing By ...

(Continued)

and the songs and catcalls of drunk citizens rolling home at midnight. In Kipling's time a citizen cut his throat outside the pub nearly opposite; in our time a perfect lady was 'knocked bowlegged and whacked by a friend through a shop window, causing a notable hubbub.

Villiers Street and the Kipling atmosphere toughened and annealed our fibre and gave our prose that occasional realist vigour and ruthless clarity for which it is so admired.

The street is less "primitive and passionate" now, we notice, and the block overlooking the river has been refurbished and renamed Kipling Chambers.

Footnote

THE third great influence in our life, due to staying one summer in the poet Blake's cottage at Felpham (Sussex), is mystical and we doubt if you'd begin to understand it; we don't ourselves, mostly.

Our irreverent attitude to English Cricket is probably due to frequenting the house, now a café, on the Quai Voltaire where Voltaire died, and our favourite wild flower, and, by a coincidence, our favourite character in fiction, is Colourful Kingsley Wood. You must write something in our album.

Crust

AUNTIE SCIENCE, the overbearing old puss, so regularly comes a deplorable cropper owing to spiritual pride, hubris, or crust, that nobody could have been more relieved than we when we heard from the B.B.C. that the Government science boys have not been completely baffled by the Fortified Loaf, though it will take them some months yet to evolve the finished article.

The Fortified Loaf, in case you forget, is a loaf of white flour to which the scientists are adding Vitamin A (or whatever it is) and calcium and other laboratory products, hoping to make it as nutritious as the loaf baked every day by the ignorant Mediæval peasantry, who knew nothing about vitamins or calories or proteids or the rest of the tralala, but managed to live on a perfectly-balanced diet nevertheless, as a leading dietetic authority revealed recently. So Time marches, or rather hobbles on, shuffling her poor old hot aching dogs.

THE Standard Wholemeal Loaf sounds more enticing to us, though its duskier tints will probably perturb the Island Race, who have preferred nice white chemical bread ever since the Industrial Revolution, to the great delight of Harley Street, Wimpole Street, and the adjoining parts.

Apropos which, we lately read about a macabre little incident of about a hundred years ago, when there was a public outcry over the bones certain London bakers in the poorer districts were grinding into their flour. The bones turned

out to be human, and we are now taking you over to hear Bugs Burpstein on the grand organ of the Folderido.

Snook

A STARLING has been fooling one of Auntie Times's readers (so he complained the other day) by imitating the gurgle of water pouring from an overflowing cistern-pipe, which shows that the feathered world is getting more and more cynical in its attitude towards Times readers.

At one time it was only the cuckoo that fooled them once a year, aided and abetted—as was well known—by wicked agriculturists who could make cuckoo-noises with their mouths. Now, it seems, every feathered guttersnipe thinks he can pull a snook at those dignified figures as they pass to and fro, thinking out schemes for the amelioration of public affairs, or sit in the seclusion of their library severely contemplating the Globes, like Mr. Beerbohm's Victorian Papa.

Before long, something will undoubtedly happen which we've often predicted, namely that some little rotter of a sparrow or

a chifffaff will fly in through the library window and tell those boys the Facts of Life, which will knock them, we dare aver, for a row of cardboard Bolivian ashcans.

Footnote

IT is to be noted, as the text-books say, that Auntie's boys, whom we take leave to consider as a body the finest representative type of the Nordic Man, are curiously broadminded about birds, stooping to examine and praise even the humblest of our feathered chums when it does something striking. Not so with animals. As Mr. Belloc remarks in his celebrated dissertation on the Nordic Man: "The Nordic Man dislikes all cruelty to animals, and is himself kind to them in the following scale: first the dog, then the horse, then the cat, then birds, and so on till you get to insects, after which he stops caring. Microbes, oddly enough, he detests."

Nobody has ever been able to explain why Times readers have no social inhibitions about bird-life, and we can't ourselves; or at least we could, but maybe the Editor wouldn't like it. D. B. Wyndham Lewis



--- B-B-C --- B-B-C --- B-B-C ---

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Step on it, Gunga Din! I want all this water taken up the line
before the sandstorm starts"

On Mass Observation



"Excuse me, madam—I am a mass-observer, and it may interest you to know that you are the twenty-fifth person to use that particular expression when tripping over that sandbag"

On Civil Defence



"Two ladies to see you, madam, in your capacity as Mrs. Sensible"



A Girl Who Makes Jokes

Anton, in Peacetime a Brother and Sister, is for the Duration the Sister Only. Here She is, with Some Typical Examples of the Partnership's Humour

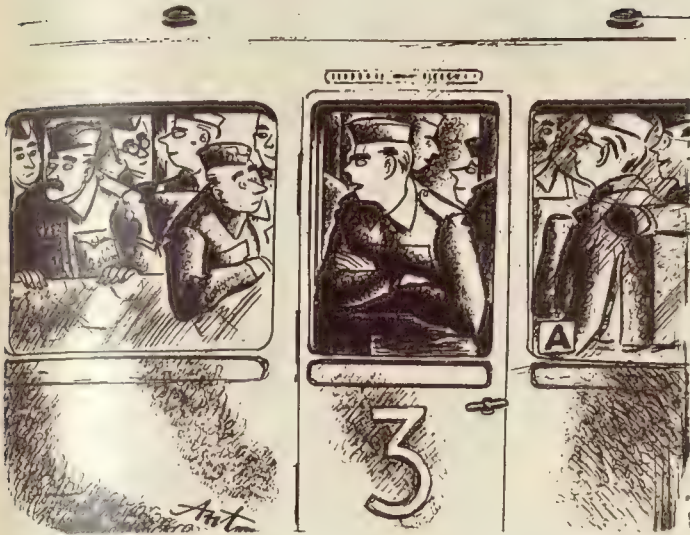
In peacetime the pompous men, fat, funny women and absurd situations of Anton's joke world were the creations of a brother-and-sister partnership. The ideas came from both of them, and she used to start the drawings for him to finish. Now "Mr. Anton" is in the Naval Patrol Service, and "Miss Anton" keeps the family business going. She and her brother still exchange ideas, and when he has time he sends her rough drawings, but otherwise the work is hers. Until a week or two ago the name of this pretty, round-faced young humorist was Beryl Antonia Thompson, but since January 29th she has been Mrs. John R. H. Yeoman. Her husband is a Lieutenant in the Hampshire Regiment. She and her brother have been known under yet another name: as H. Botterill he used to do joke drawings in a different technique from the Anton one, and as B. Botterill she produced fashion drawings and advertisements. Anton jokes first appeared in the "Bystander" about seven years ago, and the flow has been steady ever since. The handful reproduced on these two pages are typical 1940-41 examples

"Miss Anton" works, left-handed, in a Sussex studio hung with framed originals of the family jokes

Richard Haile, Bognor

On B.E.F. Travel

On the Navy



"I think I'll pay the extra and go first on the boat"

On Village Flower Shows

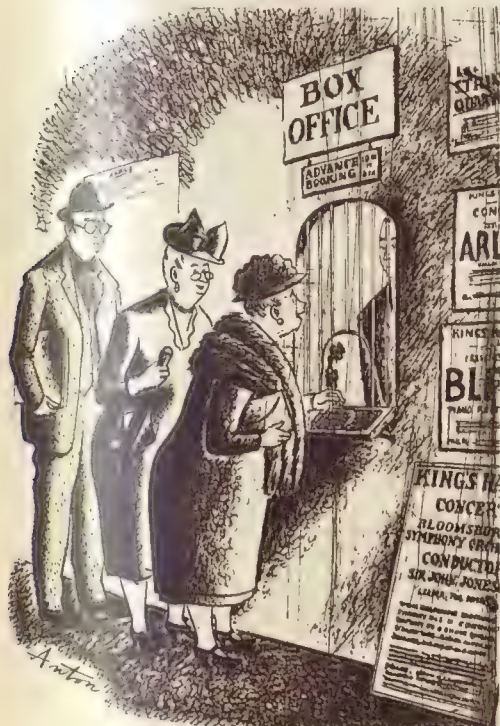


"The committee is prepared to recognise it as a pumpkin, but not as a tomato"

On the Use of Woman-Power

On Rationing

On La Mode



"Have you got the women conductors here yet?"



"Have you got the same sort of thing in a sausage?"



"Yes, that is an improvement"



Organiser of the Market Theatre is dancer and ballet mistress Ursula Moreton, of the Vic-Wells Ballet. She was photographed in "Sylphides" dress against the beam-and-plaster of White Friars, the Bedfordshire cottage where she and her husband live, and where the Market Theatre was planned and organised.



Costumes and scenery are made by the company. Mary Hey, Vivienne Bennett (in her Queen Elizabeth headdress), Sheila Macintosh, Elspeth Currie and Ursula Moreton made up the sewing-bee in the White Friars sitting-room. Vivienne Bennett, for several seasons a leading actress at the Old Vic, was one of Ursula Moreton's chief collaborators in planning and forming the Market Theatre. In private life she is Mrs. Godfrey Kenton.

Strolling Players

The Market Theatre is a New Company
Taking West-End Entertainment to
the Wilds of Bucks and Beds



"A Village Cricket Match" has a knowing and appreciative audience in every village hall. Harold Scott and Michael Ingham act this Herbert Farjeon sketch



Sea shanties are another item on the very varied programme. Singers are Harold Scott (who has a turn of his own—songs at the piano), Michael Ingham and Godfrey Kenton

ON January 27 the Market Theatre set out on its first tour, its stands, for matinée and evening performances, being the village, memorial or town halls of Pitstone, Chiddington, Aldbury, Ivinghoe and Tring. For this week's work the players got £3 each, and a profit was made of £16 12s. 7d. This really brilliant success was the result of some hard thinking on the part of Ursula Moreton and her committee, Vivienne Bennett, Godfrey Kenton, Walter Hudd and Bernard Miles. They had planned a four-week tour in Beds, Bucks and Herts, for which they reckoned their takings, from village hall performances (seats 6d. to 2s.) at £7 10s. a time, and school performances (seats 2d.) at £1 10s., would be £216, and their expenses would be £210. Their first week's profit was, therefore, much above expectation, and

salaries will probably be increased according to the sliding scale originally planned. The important thing is that this idea of taking a really good entertainment round places where stage shows are practically unknown is going with a swing, and that Miss Moreton's scheme, which is capable—and worthy—of countrywide extension, offers a living to stage people, as well as providing professional shows to residents and evacuees in remote villages. Both Ursula Moreton and Vivienne Bennett, from long association with Sadler's Wells and the Old Vic, are deeply imbued with the idea of entertainment given by permanent companies at popular prices. If the scheme grows and spreads to other country districts, existing social organisations and local committees will be asked to co-operate in this new form of national theatricals



"The Lady of Shalott" is spoken and mimed by Vivienne Bennett as the Narrator and Mary Hey as the Lady



"The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," Bernard Shaw's playlet on behalf of a National Theatre, is included in the programme. A love-distracted Shakespeare (Godfrey Kenton) listens to a little commonsense from the Beefeater (Harold Scott) in an appropriately period rehearsal setting at White Friars. Vivienne Bennett plays Queen Elizabeth and Mary Hey is the Dark Lady

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Guest artist Bernard Miles rehearses Michael Ingham and Sheila Macintosh in Farjeon's sketch, "Snaps," which Dorothy Dickson played in at Wyndham's. Mr. Miles, now in "Diversions No. 2," appears as a member of the Wapping Athletic Band for the Market Theatre

Scottish songs are sung by Sheila Macintosh. Scenes from "As You Like It," a Strauss polka, and a Mexican dance, with the numbers illustrated here, made up the ten-item programme

With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Laughter

UNLESS laughter be spontaneous it can be very irritating. And I know nothing more difficult to simulate than laughter if really you don't see anything particular to laugh at. Besides we can often be amused without laughing at all. But no determined teller of "good stories" will ever believe it. Thus, knowing what is expected of one under such circumstances, our merriment is discreetly uproarious.

The other evening at a restaurant in Edinburgh I watched a young couple "amusing" each other and feeling the strain badly. They were in love, or what passes for being in love, though that can end in matrimony just the same. Or, rather, the girl was in love. The young man was undoubtedly letting-himself-be-loved and, for him, it passed the time pleasantly enough. Well, perhaps, he was more in love than he appeared. (You can't always tell with young Englishmen conscious of their new uniform.) For the girl was definitely gay in an irritating way and he could not otherwise have stood it for very long. I mean the way by which a girl will prove at all costs to the man she is with that she finds him simply delirious company. In this case, laughter was her means of approach. Whatever her companion said she went off into fits of half-suppressed mirth. Though really it wasn't mirth at all, only a somewhat over-forced counterfeit. Everything was there which represents gaiety—the perpetual grin, the implied plea

that if anything else is said you will simply die of guffaws, the obvious suggestion that every sentence is a witty one—except the gaiety itself. One could see so plainly that the girl wasn't really amused at all. All she wanted was to be made love to—even over wartime clear soup.

Cheerfulness

ON the whole, however, I think I prefer cheerful people to comics. So very few comics know when it is tactless to be funny. Whereas cheerful people are generally cheerful out of fellow-sympathy with the woes of life. If you know what I mean. They smile, and I prefer a smile to laughter at any time, except, so to speak, out of the mouths of very young children. A smile can be rarely out of place, whereas a roar of laughter may incite to murder.

But then I never care much for the personality of those whose advent is as a smack on the back. I infinitely prefer a caress to the most resounding bonhomie, no matter of how much welcome it may be the symbol. Even in these difficult days you do find certain people can be cheerful under all circumstances. And what a blessing they are! One gets so tired of this perpetual talk of bombs; a topic indulged in unduly and nearly always by people who have not themselves been affected by the least explosion. Peace, when it comes, will undoubtedly find quite a number of persons dumb for lack of a subject about which to talk. That English



Prize Winner

Nina Fedorova has won the 1940 Atlantic £2,500 Prize with her first novel, "The Family," (Collins: 8/6). She left Soviet Russia in 1919, married a fellow refugee, a Professor of Law, in Harbin, lived for some time in Tientsin, and went to America with their two sons in 1938, to settle in the small university town of Eugene, Oregon.

conversational stand-by, the weather, will surely appear too tame after so many months of glad tidings that a great friend of my Aunt Clara's found herself at the bottom of her garden when a moment before she had every intention of going upstairs to bed!

The people who must at all costs give the impression that they live in the war-zone are, I am sure, the origin of all the stories about the complete "devastation" of

(Concluded on page 274)



Portrait Painter

The Hon. Mrs. Honor Earl, Lord Maugham's artist daughter, is now selling her pastel drawings in aid of air-raid victims. The portrait she holds here is of C. R. W. Nevinston, fellow artist and personal friend. Mrs. Earl's war work also includes A.R.P. work and lectures for the War Savings campaign. Her studio has been bombed, and she now works in her Chelsea flat. Her two sons, aged thirteen and nine, are in America.



Paul-Tanqueray

Pianist

Moura Lympny has already been soloist at two Queen's Hall concerts this year—last Sunday playing Rachmaninoff at a Beecham Sunday concert, and in January playing a new concerto by the Russian composer, Khachaturian. Miss Lympny has broadcast more than 100 times for the B.B.C.

*Pictorial Press*

Minister in Washington—Sir Gerald Campbell

About a month ago Sir Gerald Campbell left Ottawa to take up his new post as Minister in Washington. There he is second at the British Embassy to Lord Halifax, and shares his duties with Mr. Neville Butler, former Counsellor, and now also holding the rank of Minister. Before going to Canada as High Commissioner in 1938, Sir Gerald Campbell had been Consul-General in Philadelphia, San Francisco and New York, so his knowledge of the States is already continent-wide and twenty years long, and his popularity with Americans is well established. He is an excellent speaker, also a good golfer and tennis player. He is married, and has three daughters. Last week it was announced that his place in Canada is to be filled by Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, M.P.

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

certain places which actually on the night in question were never even given an "Alert." This curious desire to be "in the limelight" at all costs is, I am convinced, responsible for half the war experiences which turn out to be perfectly untrue.

It all belongs, I suppose, to that vicarious contentment which comes from being the last witness-but-one of a street accident. Or the outside curiosity which attends a death in the house. Or the unsatisfied desire to relate years afterwards the details of an operation. Or the moans which accompany some people through life and the tragic gloom without which some people appear to imagine that they have no real identity. Or the "gush" without which other people cannot converse with what they presumed to be their social "betters."

A Funny and a Cheerful Book

Now Mr. James Thurber's book, *Fables for Our Time* (Hamish Hamilton; 7s. 6d.), is both a funny and a cheerful book. It is not easy to convey either the funniness or the cheer, but it is there nevertheless; as you discover from the first page onward. Perhaps the subject is not over-original. Others have twisted the well-known fables with their necessary morals and brought them up to date with the most astonishing embarrassment to the moralists. We have heard animals talk in the modern manner and have, or have not always been amused. Mr. Thurber does all this, but his touch is both witty and stylish. His own drawings, of which there are scores, scattered all over the book are meant deliberately to be funny, but, as a consequence perhaps, are not nearly so amusing as the text they illustrate. Nevertheless, they "belong," so to speak. For what could be funnier than some of the pictures which accompany those famous poems, mostly fatuous, which we all learnt when it was hoped we might one day be a child-reciter?

But the entire book is delightfully amusing—in the broad-smiling, rather than in the loud-laughter sense. In these days, I consider such among the minor joys—or, perhaps, the major ones. It all depends upon the news, I suppose. At any rate, it entertained me from beginning to end. Such a pleasant diversion from the kind of war-talk which goes round and round and comes back to wish-fulfilment in the end, or what would like to be wish-fulfilment. Therefore I consider *Fables for Our Time* should be regarded as a tonic as well as a most amusing book. In any case, after reading it I had not felt so "bucked" since I talked with an old lady of seventy-two, whose home had been near-bombed and who assured me most cheerfully that the experience had done her a world of good—shaken her out of her groove of fear, taken ten years off her age and now she didn't care what happened so long as Hitler got all which should be coming to him. Her's was the proper spirit.

Cheer and Beauty

If I have a warphobia it is the horror of being caught in a public shelter and detained indefinitely. I dislike crowds and I dislike to be shut in, but the combination of both appals me. Still, if such a fate befall me, I only trust I have in my pocket such a delightful little book as Miss Clemence Dane's *The Shelter Book* (Longmans; 6s.). Because you never know, do you? It ought to be carried about like a torch.

And in its way, it is a kind of torch. At any rate, it should lighten the darkness of any Anderson shelter, plus a night-light. For it was designed as a pastime for air-raid nights, when wondering won't help you and thought, so to speak, is perpetually listening. Briefly, it is a well-nigh perfect collection of literary odds-and-ends such as will help you to beguile the time of waiting; hating, though you may still do, those flowers of patience which we are told don't grow in everybody's garden. It is small enough to go into anybody's pocket, and it is full of good things.

There are excellent stories, and humorous essays which really are humorous. There are odd passages of lovely writing and poems which linger in the memory and are so much more worth while to learn by heart, if need be, than chitter-chattering about nothing to whomsoever shares your imprisonment. Best of all, the contents are so varied. Some should appeal to every taste and a catholic taste will appreciate them all. For Miss Mitford is there, and so is Wordsworth, and so is Marais, and so are a score of other authors. And

scarcely any of the extracts are worn by familiarity to a shred. And those which are—well, some things are all the lovelier when familiar. Thus, if you do happen—and it comes to all of us—to "take cover" in a shelter or a basement, see to it that *The Shelter Book* is there to welcome you or, at least, to be found in one of your pockets.

Mr. Anthony Armstrong's *Laughter Parade* (Faber; 8s. 6d.) might accompany you as well; though this is a well-chosen anthology of humour, English and American, and you may not feel in the mood for anybody's sense of fun. However, most of the extracts are taken from contemporary writers so you may not have met all of them before; while quotations from the books of Mark Twain and Jerome K. Jerome are there for older people to enjoy.

It is not, of course, a book which should be read straight through. But then, I defy almost anyone to read a book straight through when he is sitting in an enclosed space wondering if the next bang will be nearer or farther away. Indeed, I can foresee an enormous success for well-chosen anthologies in shelters. No other kind of book seems to fit the circumstances so well. Here, then, are two at least which fully merit in their different ways a prolonged wartime popularity. And if, later on, both come to rest on a bed-shelf, that again would be an ideal place in which to find them.

An Excellent Thriller

I ENJOYED Mr. E. R. Punshon's thriller, *Ten Star Clues* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), for several reasons. For one thing it thrills; for another thing the mystery of the real murderer is kept up almost to the very end and the final dénouement is plausible enough; and thirdly, but best of all, because it contains a heroine, who is the most entertaining young person I have met in detective fiction for a long, long time. Usually they are such conventional charmers. Among the suspected she is possibly the most in danger at one time, but her interview with the Chief Constable is surprisingly so amusing that it would have been a shame to hang her.

The murdered man is the stern and proud old Earl Wych—as stiff, even, when he relaxes, as the proverbial poker. His heir is one Ralph, who, though arrogant, is at least human. But a rival heir appears on the scene early on—a usurper to the earldom—who turns up from America and about whom nobody had heard until the moment of his turning-up. Unfortunately the countess, a vicar, a stranger and four other people can be suspected of murdering the old gentleman—and they are! So well, too, has the author worked out his plot that, although you may discard each one of them as being the real criminal, you remain uncertain almost to the very end. Which makes the story, as a thriller, among the star-turns, I suppose. At any rate, I, who am never very partial to this type of fiction, enjoyed it very much. It passed a nine-hour railway journey-in-wartime—and you know what railway journeys are like these days!—as quickly as if it had been only five hours, its peacetime duration.



Vera Brittain

Yevonde

"England's Hour," published by Macmillan, is Vera Brittain's new work. This vivid writer describes the reactions of the British people to totalitarian warfare as waged against this country; how they stand up to it; answer every call; endure uncomplainingly, with chins well up and sense of humour unimpaired. Vera Brittain is the wife of Professor G. E. G. Collin, now doing important Government work in America. Her last book was "Testament of Friendship," a record of the life and early death of her great friend Winifred Holtby

Racing in Ireland

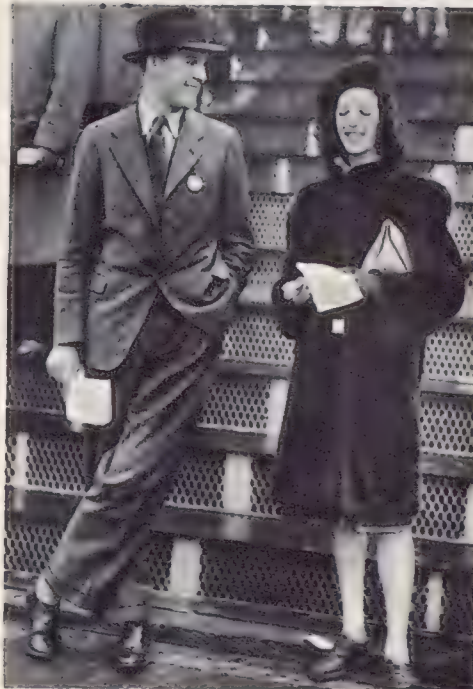
The Baldoyle Meeting Near Dublin



Mrs. P. Dunne Cullinan and Mrs. Drummond Kirkpatrick watched the Dublin 'Chase together. This was won by Miss M. Preston's Yeoman, and Mr. P. Dunne Cullinan was third with West Point. Mrs. Drummond Kirkpatrick is sister-in-law of Lieut.-Commander Kenneth Kirkpatrick, ex-Master of the Co. Down Stagbonds



Well-known racing personalities photographed in the saddling enclosure were J. G. Canty, the jockey, Mr. James Canty, the successful trainer of Mondragon, winner of the 1939 Irish Derby and of the 1939 Ulster Derby, Mr. Terence Grey and Countess Taaffe. Mr. Grey's father is Sir Harold Grey, of Cog Magog Hills, Cambridgeshire, an English owner who wins many races in Ireland.



Photographs by Poole, Dublin

Mr. Simon Maffey, Coldstream Guards, and Miss Hyacinthe Gregson-Ellis, who before the war hunted with the Garth and Fernie Hounds, watched racing from the stand at Baldoyle. Mr. Maffey was on two days' leave from his regiment. His father, Sir John Maffey, is the British Representative to Eire



Mr. Frederick Hevey Langan and his bride, married in the morning, spent the first honeymoon afternoon racing. Mr. Langan hunts with the Kildare. His bride was Miss Myrrha Jephson, of Lansdowne Rd., Dublin



Captain Charles Moore, racing manager to H.M. the King, was one of the many notable people to be seen at the meeting



Miss Anne Chute, who hunts with the Limerick Hounds, was snapped at Baldoyle with the Earl of Harrington. His mother, Mrs. Luke Lillingston, is seen on page 277 with her husband at Naas Races

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"



Waterlogged Worcester

A midday decision in favour of racing was made at Worcester, in spite of the partially waterlogged course. Our picture was taken about half-way round the three-mile course in the River Handicap Steeplechase, showing the field splashing through the water. The race was won by Mr. A. Gillson's Post Horn, by a length and a half from Mr. K. Cameron's Schubert. Many of the riders fell or were unable to complete the course

Hands

THE reason why Lord Lloyd, whose death everyone deplores, never said the right word at the wrong moment, I feel sure, is because he was such a good cox. He steered both the Eton and Cambridge boats to victory, and it is perhaps never recognised quite as much as it should be that a good coxswain needs as good hands as a man riding a horse which is apt to run away if he is pulled about.

If cox jams the rudder on at the wrong moment he might easily set the whole lot of them catching crabs, and he certainly would be most unpopular. His job is a lot more than yelling out "Bow, you're late! Two, you're late!", and so forth. He's got to get the crew to the winning-post by the shortest route, and he's got to steer their boat without their knowing that she has got a rudder at all! I think this is where Lord Lloyd succeeded so admirably.

Cheltenham v. Aintree

As to whether you prefer Cheltenham or Aintree as a pleasant place in which to go and watch jump-racing at its best, this must ever be a matter of personal choice. We meet our friends in comfort at both of them. As to whether a substitute Grand National run at Cheltenham would draw the same gate as one run at its historic home there can be no question. Aintree has a cachet all its own, for there is no other course in the world like it.

My recollections of the substitute Grand Nationals run at Gatwick in the three last years of the First German War are that they did not draw Aintree crowds despite the excellence of the fare provided. The same thing might have been the case this year if the substitute Grand National, which they meant to run at Cheltenham, had not been cancelled by order of the Home Secretary.

The decision was justifiable upon the main ground that the last war was not a petrol one; this war is. In 1914-18 there was a

very small risk of invasion, for the enemy never had the troops to spare; now he has a large army eating its head off. In the last war air attack was not a serious menace; now we know exactly how serious it is. The Home Secretary, therefore, had plenty of good grounds for his decision if he was convinced in his own mind that the magic words "Grand National" would cause a concentration of human beings and a strain upon transport, both road and rail, which present conditions do not warrant.

The National Hunt Meeting

CHEL TENHAM'S great steeplechasing festival (March 19th-20th) has not been vetoed, so far, and will take place unless certain threatenings become unpleasant facts. It is a grand meeting, though it is not the Grand National. There is a 'chase in the card which may be a Grand National in all but name, but it will not be run over obstacles which can be put in the same class as the ones at Aintree, nor over the same distance.

Will it draw an Aintree crowd at this time when we are necessarily so severely starved where racing is concerned? I do not think so for one minute, even though we may see included in the field last year's Grand National winner, Lord Stalbridge's Bogskar; Miss Dorothy Paget's beautiful jumper, Roman Hackle, winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup last year; Mr. T. Westhead's Symathis, fourth in the Grand National last year, now for sale, and many other high-class horses.

But for the unfortunate death of Sir Francis Towles' Airgead Sios we should probably have seen him also competing, for I am sure that Cheltenham suited him better than Aintree ever did. He fell in Battleship's Grand National in 1938. He was a hurling great jumper and stood back at them a most amazing distance. He is credited with having cleared 40 ft., which is 3 ft. better than Chandler's historic leap at

Warwick, but not quite that much better than a performance which Lord Lonsdale told me one of his hunters put up with him with well over fourteen stone in the saddle during his Quorn mastership; this was 38 ft. 4 in.



Golf at Palm Beach

The wife of Air Commodore A. C. Critchley, formerly Diana Fishwick, the British Golf Champion, was snapped at the Seminole Golf Club at Palm Beach with Mr. Charles A. Munn. Mrs. Critchley has a one-year-old daughter, Glenna, named after the famous American Golfer, Glenna Collett, who was defeated by Diana Fishwick at the age of nineteen



Wedding in Nigeria

The marriage took place at Lagos between Mr. Duncan George Stewart, of the Colonial Administrative Service, Nigeria, a popular inter-colonial cricketer, and Miss Patricia Iona Mary Carrick. The group includes Mr. A. F. R. Stoddart, best man; H.E. Sir Bernard Bourdillon, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Nigeria, who gave the bride away; the bride, the bridegroom, Lady Bourdillon, and the Rev. R. A. Wright, Colonial Chaplain, who officiated at the ceremony which took place at the Colonial Church



Hunting with the Croome

The new Master of the Croome Foxhounds, Lieut. J. Shirley Priest, of Astwood Bank, near Redditch, was photographed with the pack at the meet at Old Hills, Worcester. He was appointed Master in succession to the late Earl of Coventry, who was killed in action last year

A Benghazi or a Tripoli Grand National?

AND why not? Seeing that for the first time in its history our own Grand National is not to be run, and also seeing that there are so many sporting Diggers in the spearhead of the Wavell Army, I should say that it was almost any calculable odds on a race-meeting of some sort and on a jump race being included in the card. In addition to the troops there will be the ships, and if anyone has discovered any recipe for keeping a sailor from a bit of sport in which a horse takes part the moment he sets foot on shore, it will be amazing.

The only difficulty may be horses, for they have no horsed cavalry regiments with them at the moment, but I expect they will get round that by using commissariat mules or those grumbling animals, camels. They managed to make do with the high-couraged mule at the first, and so far as I know only, race-meeting in a most unpromising spot called Landi Kotal, which is in the Khyber, and here is an enlightening excerpt from a report of the proceedings which was kindly sent to me by one of the organisers, and which I reproduce as it may give inspiration to the Hon. Sec., Benghazi Races:

After passing through the eliminating rounds of the championship of India—all weights—we managed to collect our winnings from the "Tote," by which time the Sor Wat Chase was about to take place. This event, the fifth on the card, was one of the most sparkling events of the day. Over a distance of five furlongs and very rough going through nullahs and over broken ground in general, it was a real test for man and beast. A total of 41 entrants had dwindled to 33 starters, a large field notwithstanding, the lining-up of which was eloquent testimony to the efficiency of the starter. The winner of this is to be congratulated, since he reached the flat with a fine lead. At this point his mount decided to leave the course, and in the struggle between mule and rider they were overtaken. The mule, apparently recognising the result of its belligerency, now became docile and, with a remarkable exhibition of skill, its rider, Mangal Singh, regained place after place,

finally winning by a neck, second and third being taken by Nos. 2 and 3.

First-hand Knowledge

THE looker-on may see most of the game, but the actual player learns more about it. The Duchess of Norfolk, who has now under her supervision almost as many horses as any fashionable trainer in happier times, belongs to the latter category, for she rode in a good many point-to-points before her marriage, and, what is better, is a horsewoman. The person who rides races is not invariably a horseman—far from it. Her Grace, like her husband, is also an owner, and one of her horses, Hurdy-Gurdy Man, ran in the Grand National 1938, and unluckily was amongst the fallen; but the point is that the Duchess of Norfolk has that first-hand knowledge which counts for so much.

Everyone will wish her Grace all luck with this colt, Selim Hasan, formerly one of the Aga Khan's, which she bought for Mr. W. O. Goodbody, and which she hopes to run in the new Derby.

The Duke of Norfolk himself is likewise a good man over a country, and, in less strenuous and more peaceful times has ridden in

point-to-points. The Duke was for a time a Holderness Master (1936-38) in that country in which it is as well not to leave your heart at home if you want to see the end of a hunt. They have a saying in that domain that you are not really "in" one of their wide and deep ditches if your head is showing above water.

Mr. Brian Kemp Welch, after 45 years' service (27 as Managing Director) with Schweppes, Ltd., has retired from the active management, but retains his seat on the Board.



Pooler, Dublin

Racing in Ireland

At Naas Races, Captain and Mrs. Luke Lillingston had a chat with Mr. P. F. Cannon, who officiates as Starter at all Irish race-meetings. Captain Lillingston was on a few days' leave from his regiment. He was Joint-Master of the Meath at one time, and he and his wife (the former Countess of Harrington) were Joint-Masters of the Earl of Harrington's hounds. After the war they will go in for bloodstock breeding on a large scale at Mount Coote, Kilmallock, Co. Limerick, which they bought last year

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Airing All Sorts

FIGHTERS are fighters and bombers are bombers, and never the twain shall meet—or at least, not often. The fighter pilot is a wild man, full of youth and yipp, with an irrational urge to go places prestissimo. The bomber pilot is a sober, semi-scientific person who thinks and flies and lives to think again. Both types are equally necessary to this country at the present time, for they are the primary components of an effective air arm. They are the bread and butter of air battle.

Yet those eminent engineers who are responsible for the design and construction of Royal Air Force aircraft are occasionally moved to mild and apologetic protest when they see their beloved machinery being man-handled by exuberant fighter pilots.

One of them told me sadly of a fighter pilot who, having been on patrol, then flew home with his engine running continuously on 12-lb. boost in order to be back in time for tea! Yet who shall say that the pilot was not right? A cup of tea, in the final reckoning, may be of greater importance than a few thousand pounds' worth of aero-engine.

Crash an aeroplane and who cares? Upset a cup of tea and the act is universally recognised as tragedy. That is why tea-totallers, such as myself, have an advantage over tee-totallers. All of which emphasises that a good fighting force wants all kinds of men, and that the strength of the Royal Air Force is due in some measure to the fact that you can find all kinds among its pilots and aircraft crews and fitters and riggers.

Variety

IN 1914-18 the variety of types in the Royal Flying Corps was emphasised because the officers were seconded from their regiments and wore the uniforms of their regiments. Consequently, until the R.F.C. uniform had become popular, Service aerodromes

brought together samples of an immense number of different military costumes.

To-day the uniform is the same, but no visitor to a Royal Air Force operational station can doubt for one moment that the human types show as great variety as ever. I cannot believe this is so in the Luftwaffe. There I would expect to find much greater standardisation among the personnel, as one finds it in the aircraft.

In the air a standardised personnel is not such a strong fighting force as a varied one. Individuality must be encouraged in those who fight and fly.

Sweep

THE season of the staphylococcus is upon us. The hale and hearty are racked by rheums and have nowhere to convalesce, for both the seaside and the south of France are temporarily out of bounds. Until we have rendered unto Germany that which is Germany's—boots, blond hair, rubber truncheons and all—and thoroughly cleansed the places the Germans have overrun, we shall have to stay put not only during invasion attempts, but even under stress of influenza and a splitting headache.

Which reminds me that a doctor friend put to me the other day quite the nastiest air-war idea I have ever heard. And although he wrapped the thing well up in antiseptic scientific jargon, it seemed horrider than anything that has ever appeared in the Sunday newspapers. He discussed the dropping of legions of lice from aircraft as a means of spreading disease. He called them *pediculus humanus*, but that did not make the idea any less nauseating.

It is the kind of lousy scheme that would appeal to the Germans. But at the time of writing it seems that they may have no chance of putting such a scheme, or any other, into effect. For the Royal Air Force sweeps are becoming more frequent and more effective.

New brooms sweep clean; but no broom sweeps cleaner than a few "Spitfires" or "Hurricanes" when they are out hoovering, hounding and harassing the Hun in his own home aerodromes. On January 19th there was the first big sweep, with a few bombers and more than a hundred fighters. Then there were small sweeps, and later, in February, another big one.

Low-Flying Attack

IT was the technique of the low-flying attack, originated by Colonel Bishop in the war of 1914-18, improved and brought up to date. The Polish pilots who took part did well, and one of them came down so low that he almost touched down with his radiator scoop on one of the German-occupied aerodromes.

I have always believed in the low-flying attack with heavy machine-guns, or—still better—with cannon-firing explosive shells, for damaging aerodromes. I think that the method, if fully developed, would be more effective than bombing raids. Modern aerodromes stand up to bombing in the most extraordinary manner. They would stand up less well to cannon fire.

The aimed shell, fired from a low-flying aeroplane, can destroy an aeroplane standing on the ground and provide a counter-measure to the dispersal which reduces the vulnerability of aircraft to bombing.

Weather or No?

LOOK back for a moment on the lull of late January and early February. Londoners, during that time, became quite querulous about it. They felt that they were being bilked of their blitz, and wanted to know why. Nobody told them. But it seems fairly clear that the lull was caused chiefly by the weather, but also by preparations—which may still be continuing by the time these notes appear—for the new offensive.

We should recognise that the Germans during that lull were building up their air strength for all they were worth, and possibly altering the dispositions of their units to be ready for their new thrusts when the moment was ripe.

Lulls, whether enforced by the weather or not, are always useful as breathing-spaces for air forces, and it is to be presumed that the air forces of both sides made the best use of this one.



Officers of an R.A.F. Station Somewhere in England

Back row: F./O. C. G. Nairn, F./O. J. H. Bond, Flt./Lt. F. W. Belford, F./O. G. Stinson, F./O. S. H. Latham, Flt./Lt. Thorne-Thorne, F./O. N. W. Harper, Flt./Lt. G. Doyle, Flt./Lt. C. A. Jordan, Flt./Lt. A. J. Dobie, Flt./Lt. N. L. Derham, Sq./Ldr. H. E. Pooler, Sq./Ldr. E. W. Ellis, Flt./Lt. C. Ewens, Flt./Lt. H. A. Thomas; Centre row: Sq./Ldr. E. C. Bache, Sq./Ldr. J. C. Hughes, F./O. A. J. Gibbing, F./O. M. Anson, Flt./Lt. G. H. Clayton, P./O. W. P. Cruickshank, Flt./Lt. R. S. Falk, Flt./Lt. D. Macdonald, Flt./Lt. N. Bengough, Flt./Lt. C. E. Holman, Sq./Ldr. J. Noble, Sq./Ldr. J. C. Brice, F./O. W. B. Enever, Sq./Ldr. A. F. Jacob, F./O. C. E. Mugford, Sq./Ldr. H. Tippet, Flt./Lt. W. G. Clarke; Front row: Sq./Ldr. W. Kidd, Sq./Ldr. W. A. Barnes, Sq./Ldr. V. W. H. Venour, W./Cdr. C. Stephenson, W./Cdr. W. H. Holroyd, W./Cdr. J. R. Woolley, Group Capt. C. W. Attwood (Officer Commanding Station), W./Cdr. V. S. Ewing, W./Cdr. J. H. P. Clarke, Sq./Ldr. H. W. St. John, W./Cdr. A. H. Cocks

Stewart



Vision

As we turn each awkward corner and emerge from the dark undergrowth of uncertainty, there comes nearer a vision, lit by our faith in victory, of the highways of a happier future. That future is being forged now in the factories of the Nuffield Organization. For, although this industrial unit is playing a full part in the country's effort, its research activities are being unremittingly developed and extended. It is going to emerge from the war years enriched by a unique technical experience which, trans-

lated into motor cars, will result in improved standards of comfort and power. Such is the responsibility of leadership. For, just as the Government is formulating now the basis of its plans to ease the passage of the community from a war to a peace economy, so to the Nuffield Organization falls inevitably the task of shaping the future of British automobilism. To that task it will bring vigour, integrity and vision—qualities without which regimes rot and nations perish.

THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

(Chairman: Viscount Nuffield)

MORRIS MOTORS LTD. • WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. • THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD. • RILEY (Coventry) LTD. • MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD. • MORRIS INDUSTRIES EXPORTS LTD. • S.U. CARBURETTER CO. LTD. • MECHANIZATIONS & AERO LTD.

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

WITH a timid tap on the door, the new office-boy entered the manager's office.

"Please, sir," he said nervously, "I think you're wanted on the telephone."

"You think, boy!" snapped the manager. "What's the good of thinking? You must know!"

"Well, sir," stammered the lad, "someone at the other end said: 'Is that you, you old idiot?'"

A PORTER had been struggling for some time to coax a mule to enter a railway-van. At last one of the people on the platform, who had been watching the performance, came up to him and asked:

"Can I help you at all?"

"Yes," replied the porter, wearily wiping his brow, "just tell me how Noah got two of these blighters into the Ark!"

HE was rather well known for slowness in paying his debts, and his friends and acquaintances were rather bored with him. One day he said in the club: "I've been to every shop in the town, and I'm dashed if I can get what I want."

"What is it?" inquired a candid friend, "credit?"

THE novice boxer had been badly battered in the first round. His second tried to cheer him up.

"Good boy," he said, "you're doing fine."

He fared even worse in the second round. Still his second remained optimistic.

"You were great that time," he said. "He barely laid a glove on you."

The novice looked puzzled. As he went out for the third round he turned to his second: "Better keep your eye on the referee this time," he said. "Somebody is hitting me."

THIS one from America:

It was pay night. The stevedore was doing the town. He and his girl friend stopped near the entrance of a waterfront café.

"Here's the spot I've been talkin' about, Babe," the stevedore boasted. "There's more action in this dump than in any other joint in town."

The girl was dubious.

"I don't know," she said. "Are you sure this is really a high-class place?"

The stevedore grabbed her by the arm.

"High class?" he echoed. "Why, this joint is so swanky that when the bouncer throws you out, a porter follows to pick you up and brush you off!"

HERE are a few "howlers":

A spectre is a man who cheers a football team.

When people in history made appointments they called it assassinations.

Our most famous King was Henry VIII.; he was even filmed and had so many children that he had to have several wives.

Saints are dead clergymen in the Old Testament.

Substitute is the right article made out of the wrong stuff.

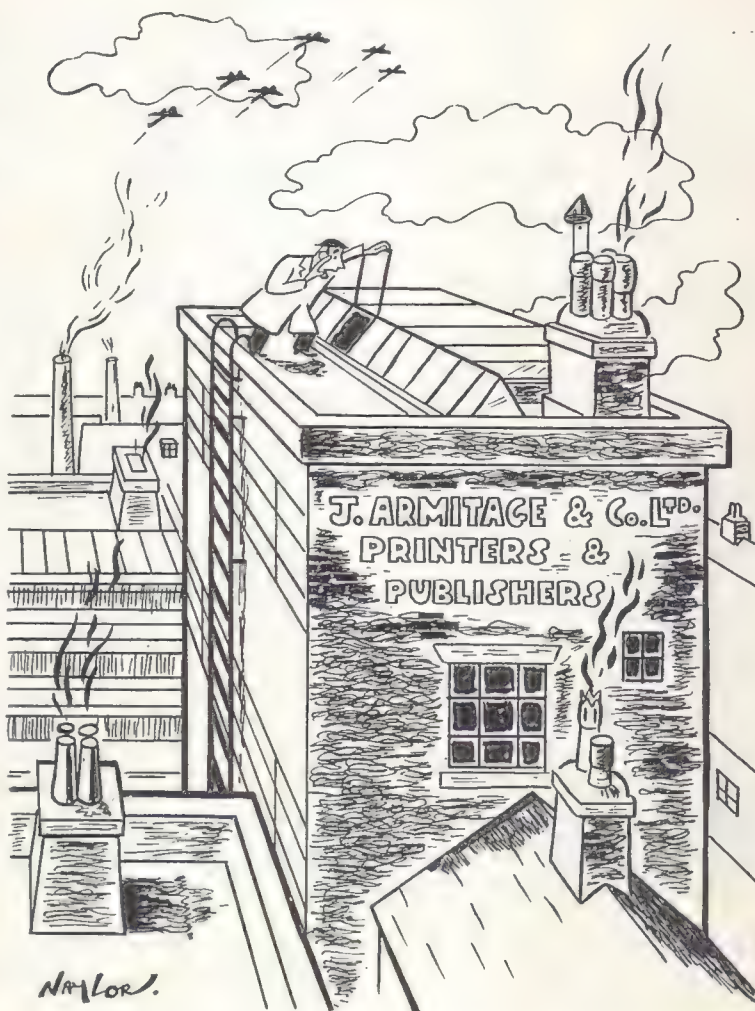
THERE had been a bad raid the night before, and the vicar was out viewing the damage.

"It is very sad, indeed," he said to a local "character." "Just look at the number of churches which are being destroyed."

"Ay," said the other. "And just think of the pubs that are being destroyed too—that's much worse!"

The vicar drew himself up. "I don't think I want to discuss that—" he began coldly.

"Well," said the "character," "you can get a service over the wireless, but I'll be hanged if you can get a pint!"



"S-T-O-P in italics, exclamation mark"



"Blimey, 'Arry—'e's said it wiv cauliflowers!"

A MEMBER of a Ladies' Aid Society in a small town went to the bank to deposit, as she told the bank clerk, "some aid money."

Unfortunately, the clerk thought she said "egg money," and replied: "Remarkable, isn't it, how well the old hens are doing these days?"

And even now he doesn't know why he received an icy look as the good lady swept out of the bank.

THE darkie was passing a pet shop in New York. He noticed a parrot on a perch outside the store.

Wide-eyed, he stepped closer to examine this strange sight. The parrot suddenly turned and squawked at him: "Hey! What do you want?"

The darkie jumped back and lifted his hat. "Scuse me, suh!" he gasped. "Ah thought yo' was a bird!"

TWO detectives left a police-station after a day's work and walked in the direction of a subway station. Suddenly one of the men stopped short and let out a long and hearty laugh.

The second detective frowned.

"What's come over you?" he demanded. "What's so funny?"

The first detective sobered. "I read the comic sheets in last Sunday's paper," he stated.

The second officer stared.

"I don't get it," he said. "You read the funny sheets last week and you're only laughing now?"

The first detective shrugged. "That's right," he explained. "I've been terribly busy all the week!"



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Sportex"

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—then a bonus

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3% Defence Bonds are so advantageous to the holder that no individual may hold more than £1,000.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Hamzavi—Crankshaw

A. H. K. Hamzavi, Press Attaché of the Iranian Legation in London, and Lella Margaret Crankshaw, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Eric Crankshaw, of 28, Royal Avenue, S.W.3, and Dunleavy, Guvedore, Co. Donegal, were married at Kensington register office. Her father is Secretary of the Government Hospitality Fund



Ironside—Chancellor

Flt.-Lieut. Hugh Harold Allan Ironside, R.A.F., only son of the late E. A. Ironside, and Mrs. Ironside, of Fairford, Glos., and Marjorie Hope Chancellor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert St. Vincent Chancellor, of Hill House, Wincanton, Somerset, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Nightingale—Liddell

Flt.-Lieut. John W. Nightingale, R.A.F., and Rosemary Mary Liddell, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. E. M. Liddell, of Broad Oak Manor, near Bexhill-on-Sea, and niece of Gen. Sir Clive Liddell, Governor of Gibraltar, were married at St. Mark's, Little Common, Bexhill. He is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Nightingale, of Reading



Pearl Freeman

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Grainge

Lieut. Frank Webster Grainge, Royal Corps of Signals, and Priscilla Amber Cobden-Sanderson were married earlier this month. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grainge, of Burley Cottage, Beaconsfield, Bucks. Hers are Richard Cobden-Sanderson, of Long Crendon, Aylesbury, Bucks., and Mrs. Speyer, of 16, Old Court Mansions, W.8



Johnson, Oxford

Dyke Acland—Willes

John Ben Dyke Acland and Beatrice Margaret Willes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willes, of Leamington Spa, were married at St. Columba's, Oxford. He is the son of Lt.-Col. Baldwin J. Dyke Acland, of Colestocks House, Honiton, Devon, and the late Mrs. Acland, and a kinsman of Sir Richard Acland, Bt., M.P., and Sir William Acland, Bt.



Carrington—Burn

Captain Philip Charles Ronald Carrington, Royal Welch Fusiliers, only son of Brigadier C. R. B. Carrington, D.S.O., and Mrs. V. Carrington, of Biddlestone, Chippenham, Wilts., and Joan Slacey Burn, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Burn, of Tudor Place, Richmond, Surrey, were married at Richmond Parish Church



Pearl Freeman

Capt. and Mrs. John Hodgson-Wilson

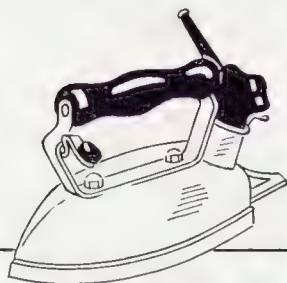
A recent wedding in Derbyshire was that of Captain John Naylor Hodgson-Wilson, son of the late William Hodgson, of Hergreave Park, Notts., and Margaret Parsons, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Parsons, of the Old House, North Muskham, near Newark, formerly of Winkburne Hall, Southwell, Notts.

(Concluded on page 286)



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The True Importance of SLEEP

**SLEEP ROBBERS
ARE ACTIVE
BUT YOU CAN
BEAT THEM!**

EVERYONE knows Napoleon's famous dictum that four hours' sleep a night is enough for any man. He claimed that he himself never had more.

His contemporaries have reported that he would sometimes go for days without sleep and then make it up by sleeping for 24 hours — and he could sleep anywhere provided he was in darkness.

Beethoven, Dr. Johnson, the Duke of Wellington, Darwin, Edison and Spencer are examples of other famous men who are said to have managed on three or four hours' sleep a night.

Could we all do the same? What do we know about sleep?

WE know that sleep is more necessary than food. A man can live more than a month without food and recover completely. Ten days without sleep brings death.

Experiments on animals show that if an animal is prevented from sleeping for several days, some of its cells are destroyed beyond repair. If the animal's sleep is merely cut short, the symptoms are the same as if it had been starved or poisoned.

Of course absolute insomnia of that kind never occurs in ordinary life because sleep of a kind comes to people even in the most unfavourable circumstances. Soldiers sleep on the march, just as birds such as the swallow and frigate-bird sleep on the wing. Even in intense pain, people sleep.

ABSOLUTE insomnia is experienced only by people in extraordinary situations. Long-distance flyers, for example, suffer it for a short period and find it their greatest difficulty.

Scientific workers also, when doing research on sleep, have occasionally experienced *absolute* insomnia. They cause themselves to be prevented from sleeping in order to study the effects. They usually behave as though intoxicated, and later become delirious. One of them has reported that he fears a repetition of this "experimental" insomnia worse than any

imaginable pain, and fully understands how effective was that ancient torture which consisted of forcibly keeping a person awake.

Even the ordinary wakefulness that we call insomnia, is torture enough. Lord Roseberry, when Prime Minister in 1895, never got more than 4 hours' sleep and it was his fear of suffering again in this way that prevented him from returning to office.

"I have an absolute conviction," he wrote in 1903, "that were I to return to office, I should once more be sleepless. I cannot forget 1895."

WHAT was the difference between Lord Roseberry and the other famous men who have maintained invincible energy on similar short rations of sleep?

Common sense suggests that the difference was in the *quality* of their sleep. The 4 hours' sleep of

Napoleon and the other mighty men was deep, refreshing sleep — what has been called 1st Group Sleep.

Lord Roseberry, on the other hand, must have had the shallow, unsatisfying 2nd Group Sleep.

There is a vast difference in the effect of these different groups or levels of sleep.

The one leaves you refreshed, feeling a new man, strong and able to cope with the difficulties of the day ahead of you.

The other leaves you exhausted and fretful, fearful of what the day may bring.

SINCE sleep, and the lack of it, are matters of greater importance today than ever before, we all need the first kind of sleep. *How to get it* — that is the question.

Dozens of suggestions for getting to sleep have been advanced. One famous London doctor says that thinking of a black target against a black background is better than counting sheep. Another recommends closing the eyes — and then trying to see your eyebrows!

Actually, however, the problem for most of us is not so much one of getting to sleep as of getting a few good hours of the right *kind* of sleep. This is where Horlicks can help you.

People find that after taking a cup of hot Horlicks last thing, they get that lovely, deep, restoring sleep. They not only waken up refreshed; gradually their health and spirits improve all round. If you want to know again the wonderful "healed" feeling that comes from really good sleep, take Horlicks tonight.



Hats and Faces

More women than is generally believed write their autobiography in their faces. Today seriousness prevails, and Elizabeth Arden (25 Old Bond Street) considers that hats must be chosen to harmonise with the same. Therefore they have created a general make-up by which hats may be chosen with flattering results. Harrods, of Knightsbridge, are responsible for the hats portrayed and Elizabeth Arden for the complexion, which is natural and betrays no hint of artificiality



This hat from Harrods is of a non-committal character, nevertheless very becoming to the woman who is past her first youth. It is carried out in natural balibuntal, relieved with black ribbon; it may be copied in felt. There is no doubt that the designer has been inspired by the time-honoured postilion. The brim has a very softening effect on the face, throwing too prominent lines into the background

The Highway of Fashion by M. E. Brooke



Almost a classic is the model on the right. Among its many advantages is that the brim tips down, thereby concealing the fact that the eyes may be weary. The two quills in pheasant colourings impart a cheery atmosphere. Cold feet are responsible for noses of roseate hue; therefore no apology is necessary for drawing attention to this firm's "Brave the Cold" footwear. There are slippers with the strength of shoes for 29s.; they may be worn almost anywhere except on a golf course. Again, there are booties in "Resta" calf and boots in this material, as well as in box calf



Such simple ingredients as felt and quills are present in the Harrods hat above, which has been suggested by the headgear attributed to Robin Hood. It can be copied in any of the accepted shades. It is still a moot question whether felt or straw will achieve a triumph this spring. The former is excellent, as the inclemencies of the weather have no deleterious effect on it. The colours are attractive, there are pastel and brilliant shades



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Getting Married (Continued)



Adams — Gordon

Major George Adams, R.A.M.C., son of the late A. W. N. Adams, and Mrs. Adams of Westley House, Acocks Green, Birmingham, and Marjorie Gordon, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. W. L. E. Gordon, of Riverside House, Mortlake, S.W., were married at Mortlake.



Bowell — Miller

Sec.-Lt. Hereward Robert Wake Bowell, Scots Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wake Bowell, of Tewin Wood, Herts, married Heather Graham Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Graham Miller, of Carding Mill Valley, Church Stretton, Salop.



Coverdale — London

Capt. Terence Gilbert Coverdale, K.O.S.B., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Coverdale, of Old Battersby, Great Ayton, Yorks. and Nancy Margaret London, of Roseberry, Hempstead Road, Watford, Herts, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.



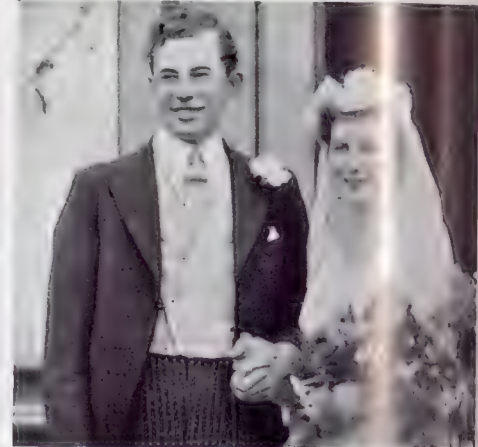
Hutchinson — Dore

Sec.-Lt. John F. P. Hutchinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Hutchinson, of Trinidad, and Lola Dore, daughter of Wing-Com. Alan S. W. Dore, D.S.O., formerly Air Attaché in Oslo, and Mrs. Dore, of Eastcote Point, Pinner, Middlesex, were married at Pinner.



Harding — Clarke

Major Denis Harding and Phyllis Clarke were married at Wem Parish Church, Shropshire. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Harding, of Hartley Avenue, Plymouth. Hers are Capt. and Mrs. Clarke, of Old Bank House, Wem, Salop.



Alley — Kerans

An Irish wedding was that of John Collingwood Alley, M.R.C.V.S., son of Mr and Mrs. J. P. Alley, Bank of Ireland, Nenagh, and Diana Mary Kerans, only child of Colonel G. C. L. Kerans, D.S.O., of St. Kilda, Birr, King's Co.



Patricia Dimond

Patricia Dimond, elder daughter of Mrs. D. Dimond, of Camden Cottage, East Grinstead, is engaged to John William Peters Llewellyn, the South Lancs Regiment, only son of the late W. A. P. Llewellyn and Mrs. A. E. Llewellyn.



Molly Carmichael

Mary Kathleen (Molly) Carmichael is the only child of Mrs. Carmichael, of 47 Cambridge Road, Impington, Cambs. Her engagement is announced to Archie Swinton Eagle, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Eagle, of Gillingham and Barnespark, Ipplepen, Devon.



Elizabeth Healing

Elizabeth Joan Healing, daughter of Lt.-Col. R. K. Healing of Pilgrim Cottage, Camberley, is engaged to Wing Commander John Cherrill, R.A.F., second son of Lt. (E.) J. L. Cherrill, R.N., and Mrs. Cherrill, of Rainham, Kent.

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INCLUDING TAX 7½ 1/3 1/9 - INCLUDING TAX 7½ 1/3 1/9

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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

RESOLUTIONS not to write continually about the Golfers' Spitfire Fund are one thing, arising out of the knowledge that good wine needs no bush. But when correspondence from donors gives news of their whereabouts and their doings, what would you? Far from being a bore, surely one may then flatter oneself with the belief of benefaction, passing on the news to other friends.

The Scottish champions seem to be very hard hit just now, and there is not a golfer who is not thinking sympathetically of Mrs. J. B. Watson, who has lost her husband, and Miss Jessie Anderson her mother, within the last few weeks. Miss Anderson, too, has the anxiety of her fiancé a prisoner of war, a trial shared by Mrs. Andrew Holm, whose husband is, by a curious coincidence, in the same camp in Germany.

Example of how little a child, if its parents are sensible, is affected by raids, is the younger Miss Armstrong, aged three, now resident in the suburbs of Southampton, shouting gleefully to her elder sister: "Come quick, your doll's having an air raid!" Mrs. Armstrong writes equally cheerfully: "We have had plenty of fun but so far all is well, the family slept through all the row." The holder of BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes and London Foursomes is certainly having her share of war experiences, not to be outdone by a husband through Dunkirk, and who has since been given the D.S.O.

Moving along that south-west coast we find Mrs. Haig Smith, who did such good work for Kent county in all sorts of official capacities, at

Bournemouth, in the A.T.S., where she has risen nobly to the rank of sergeant. She was one of the few pre-war golfers who really carried off trousers with an air; and, skirted though she be now, I feel that she must be a truly imposing sergeant, yet roaring as gently as any sucking dove.

Admiration for folk such as she, who voluntarily choose a service where they must go in through the ranks, will be one of the lasting impressions of this war. Mrs. Raymond Cooper, one of Cheshire's long hitters, is another. She is now at Aldershot, with all sorts of flattering things to say about Miss Molly Gourlay, who is one of her superior officers.

GOLFERS' SPITFIRE FUND

No deduction for expenses, 90% to purchase of Spitfire, 10% to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Donations may be sent to Miss Helme, here. Acknowledgements in *Fairway and Hazard* only.

TALKING of Cheshire, it gives almost a start to learn the activities of Miss Joan Pemberton and to know that she (and almost on the same day Miss Sheila Stroyan, girl champion) have actually come of age, not merely so far as the girls' championship goes, but legally. She writes "a hope that by the time the next is played, they will not be too old to come and watch proceedings! It is hard to imagine Miss Pemberton otherwise than as a dainty little flapper in immaculate clothes on the first tee at Stoke Poges; without a doubt she looks just as trim in uniform when she goes on duty for ambulance driving twice a week, and out of it once a week when she is serving in a canteen for the Forces at Stockport Station.

Miss Jacqueline Gordon, another runner-up in the Girls' Championship, is down in South Wales, near Brecon, busy with Y.M.C.A. canteen work. Middlesex must trust that the charms of the

Principality will not claim her permanently, any more than those of Eire Mrs. John Beck, for the post-war team will need both.

THE ex-amateur champion, A. G. Barry, is in the list of military decorations, thus bringing honour to the race of champions and proving that he is not to be outdone in efficiency and resource by his golfing wife. She is still indefatigable in organising fresh ways of raising money for the Duchess of Northumberland's Comforts and Relief Fund for the A.T.S., for which, amongst others, *Fairway and Hazard* is doing such yeoman service.

ENEMY action has been the reason for Mrs. Ernest Hill, a very successful and beloved captain of the Veterans, to move from London down to Ockley in Surrey. There she is splendidly busy with canteen and Red Cross work, and nobody will doubt either her efficiency or her popularity in these new roles.

MONTHLY SPOON COMPETITION

No cards were returned in either division during January. The coupon for the February Competition is below.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C., to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
FEBRUARY

Name { Mrs.
 { Miss

Address



Nothing disfigures the face more than pouches under the eyes and upper lids, as shown in the photograph above

YOUR FACE

All intelligent men and women realise the importance of the facial appearance. It is a well-known medical fact, that to feel one's best the face must be free from Facial Blemishes such as pouches and loose skin under and above the eyes, loss of facial contour, unsightly noses, lips,

ears and skin flaws. The correction of these can only be successfully achieved by an ingenious method practised by an experienced Swiss Specialist, famous for his marvellous work in preserving and regaining the good facial appearance. Actors, film stars and business men and women, princes and statesmen—over 10,000 have been successfully treated. In the first instance write to Hystogen, 30 Old Quebec Street, Portman Square, W.1, enclosing 3d. postage for illustrated, explanatory brochure, giving the specialist's name and address. Treatment in safe area twenty-five miles from London if desired.

Regd.
TRADE MARK

Known for 25 years as SPETON

GYNOMIN
ANTISEPTIC TABLETS Brand

Pronounced
GUY-NO-MIN

Endorsed by Medical Profession

British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., 94 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.
Free on request in plain sealed envelope, Brochure T.I.
—"Planned Parenthood."

OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS



Smokers who desire
the best
ask for -

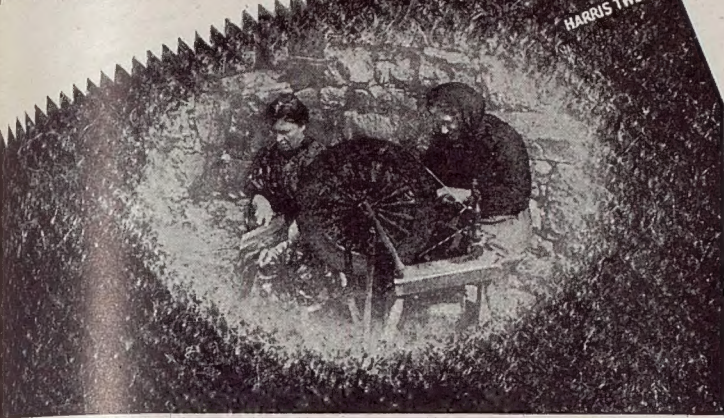
STATE EXPRESS 555

The Best Cigarette in the World

STATE EXPRESS 555 cigarettes have always been the best at any price. Their consistent high standard of quality is still maintained and they are the natural choice for those who gladly pay that little extra to obtain the best cigarette in the world.

A PRODUCT OF TRADITIONAL CRAFTSMANSHIP

War has come and shattered peace, but the women in the Outer Hebrides still ply the spinning wheel and the loom to produce the famous handspun, handwoven Harris Tweed, the most practical and distinctive of all fabrics for present-day wear.



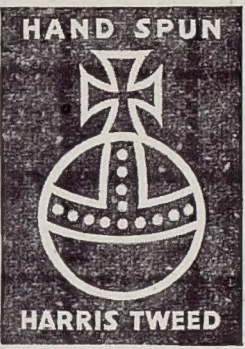
HARRIS TWEED

THE Harris Tweed Trade Mark with the word HANDSPUN above it, stamped on the cloth itself, is an absolute guarantee that the tweed has been made entirely by hand from pure Scottish wool. The yarn must be spun by hand on the spinning wheel and woven by hand at the homes of the islanders. Every process must be carried out in the Outer Hebrides—the home of Harris Tweed.

The word HANDSPUN above the Trade Mark is a definite assurance that the cloth so stamped is a handspun Harris Tweed made in exactly the same way as has been done for generations.

LOOK FOR THE MARK ON THE CLOTH

Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Limited, 10, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2



H.L.S. says
**In Winter's
slush and
driving sleet
give attention to the FEET**

After all—they do deserve it. Wear Wearra, and realise real foot-comfort in winter.
Wearra Shoes for men are made in sizes and half-sizes, slim, medium and broad for narrow, medium or broad feet.
Three smart American-styled models in fine quality black or tan calf, afford ample choice. Made for comfort and service by British labour.

Wearra
MULTIPLE
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Send a postcard for free illustrated booklet "Footwear since the World began," also name of local stockists, to the manufacturers.
JOHN SHORTLAND LTD. (Dept. T.),
Litchingborough, NORTHAMPTONshire.

The TATLER
and BYSTANDER

IN WARTIME

OWING to the paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER each week.

By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy and in future no periodicals can now be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

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*Player's
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MEDIUM OR MILD
PLAIN or CORK-TIPS

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

ENJOYABLE READING FOR DULL DAYS



"Genghis Khan, the Greatest of Rulers"

Written and Illustrated by
F. Matania, R.I.

Temujin, together with his brother, Kassar, had disappeared. A track in the snow was perceived and followed by the marauders, who were confident that they would soon effect the capture of their quarry, for only the possession of fresh horses would have enabled the boys to make good their escape.

For several days, however, the pursuers were baffled; but then hunger forced Temujin to make a desperate effort to break through the lines of the enemy. Failure of his effort resulted in his capture.

Brought before the chief, he was condemned to await his sentence imprisoned in a "kang," a kind of wooden yoke which encompassed his neck and shoulders and gripped his wrists.

When darkness fell Temujin was left in a tent with one guard, and the resourceful boy decided to chance his luck rather than wait to be slaughtered like a sheep. With a sudden turn of his body he struck the guard a heavy blow on the head with the very instrument in which he himself was imprisoned. He then made for the open country. It was not easy under such conditions, hampered by the weight of the "kang," to outdistance the pursuers who were on his heels. Finding himself surrounded, he plunged into the icy water of a river. Despite the impossibility of keeping his head below water, he succeeded in escaping notice by all save one.

Also in the FEBRUARY issue:

- "FIXED POST," by Arthur Mills.
- "A SPOT OF LATIN," by A. M. Burrage
- "THE THINGS WE LIVE FOR,"
by Negley Farson.
- "WAR'S SPOTLIGHT ON THESE WOMEN,"
by Ferdinand Tuohy
- "UNRECORDED HISTORY,"
by Gordon Beckles
- "SHIP MODELS," by Frank C. Bowen.



"The Quest of the Golden Fleece" By W. E. Johns

She sighed. "I could be very, very happy—with you."

"In what part of Normandy do you live?" he inquired.

She hesitated for a moment, her eyes on his face. "Le Chateau Tourette—you know it perhaps?"

"Rather. It's quite a landmark."

"It belongs to my father."

"Really?"

"Yes, poor old man. I wonder what he's thinking now."

"I wonder," murmured Cedric.

She sighed. "If only I could see him again."

"Not much chance of that just yet, I'm afraid."

"You couldn't think of any way I could get a message to him?"

Cedric thought for a little while. "No, darling, I'm afraid I couldn't."

"I have thought about it so much. I am always thinking of it. I think there is a way, only one way—if I could get a friend to do it for me."

"Do what?"

"No—no. It isn't worth talking about. No one would do it. It's too risky." She nestled a little closer.

Cedric stroked his chin. "What was your idea, mignon?"

*Some men risk their life for love
but Cedric risked his life to revenge
the death of his friend*

A DREAM OF MARS,

by C. Patrick Thompson.

BOOKS, reviewed by Noel Thompson

"FASHIONS," by Jean Burnup.

"CASSEROLE COOKERY," by Harriet Muir.

"TOMORROW'S PROFESSION FOR WOMEN," by Joan Woolcombe

"WAR PAINT FOR YOUR HOME."

"KNITTING SECTION—THREE SMART JUMPER DESIGNS."

"PLANNING A HERB GARDEN."



"Bride of a Lancer" By Cecilie Leslie

The door opened abruptly, and her father stood before them, his oilskins slung limply over his shoulder, and there were smears of grease on his bald head.

"Where's your mother, Mary?" he asked, and seeing the girls, gave them an apologetic smile.

"She's in her room," said Mary casually. She looked more closely at him. "Why . . . Father!"

Mary ran to him, stumbling over the train of her wedding dress. Her hand touched his arm, and she drew it away feeling moisture on her palms. She looked at it bewildered: her hands were spattered with blood.

"It's nothing, nothing at all," he replied, smiling. "We had a go at them at last, the dagont varmints. . . ."

*Mary was willing to sacrifice that
most dear to a woman—her life's
happiness so that she could share the
dangers of her country*

**A SHILLING IS ALL
YOU NEED PAY FOR
THIS MOST ENTER-
TAINING MAGAZINE
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